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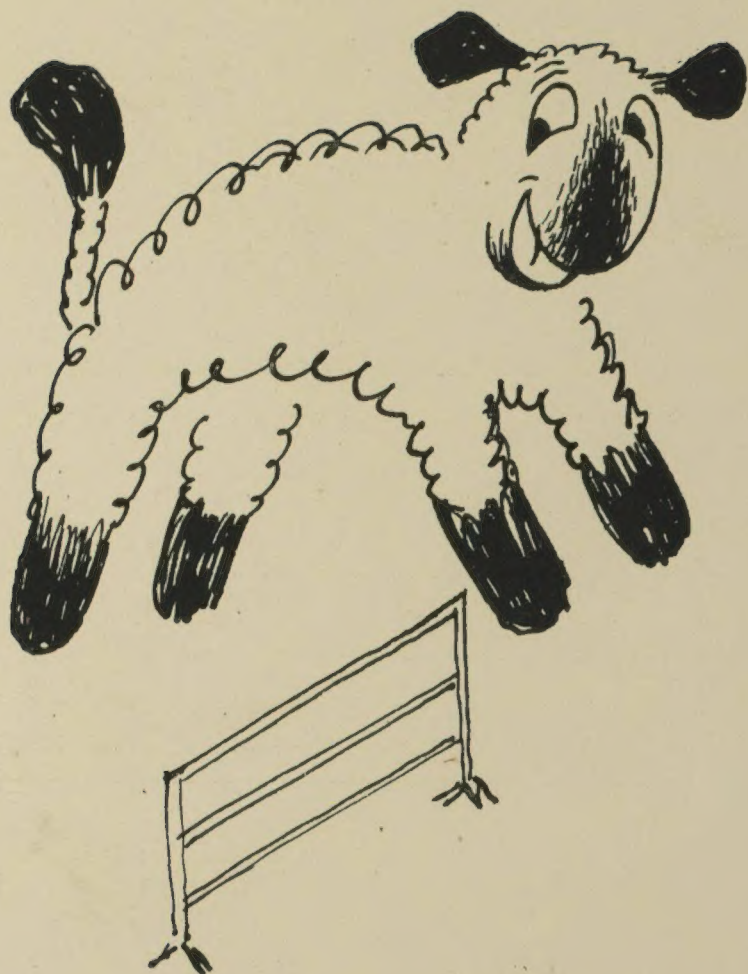
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"Belling"

make all sorts of things electrical.

For living rooms there are Portable Fires,



Period Fires



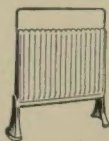
as well as Space Heaters.

And for the Bedroom there

are Bed Warmers,



Towel Airers



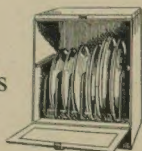
and Clothes

Drying Cabinets.



For the Kitchen there are Boiling Rings

and Plate and Food Warming Cabinets

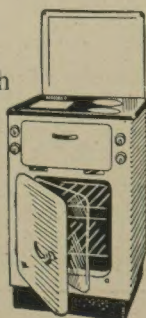


and five types

of Electric Cooker from the famous Baby Belling



to the Streamline cooker with



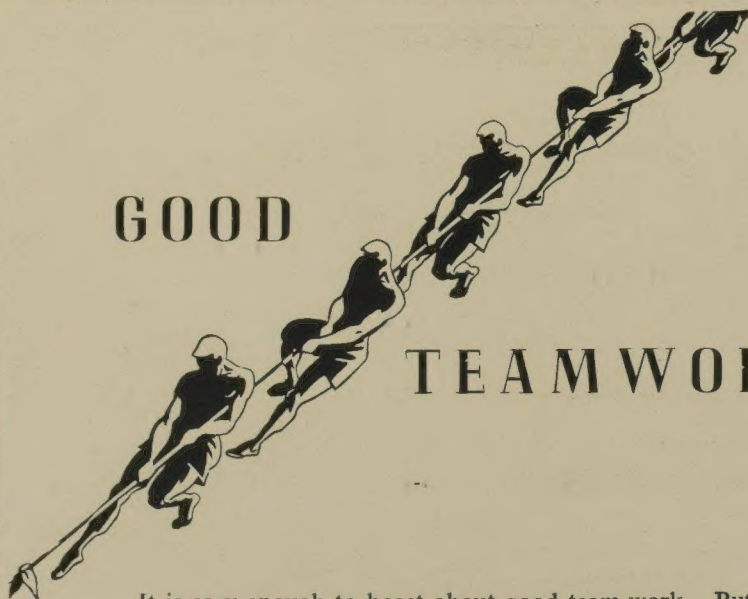
the glass door.

You can't beat a

"Belling"

GOOD

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Relations between staff and management have always been particularly happy; there is excellent co-operation between one department and another; and most of those holding high positions in the Company today have worked their way up together, and can look back over long years of fellowship in joint endeavour.

Hoover teamwork is, however, not only a source of gratification to members of the team itself. It is of considerable benefit to the public at large. For without it, Hoover products and Hoover service could not possibly be maintained at the present high level, or be raised to even higher standards in the future.

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CRC359


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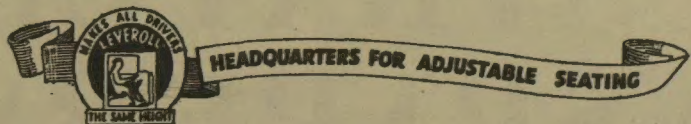
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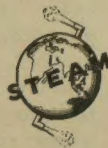
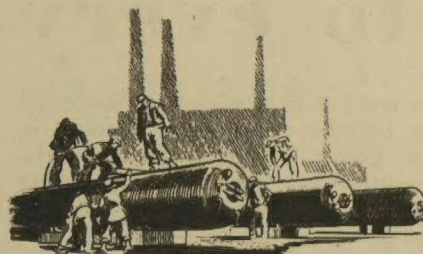
CHAPMANS



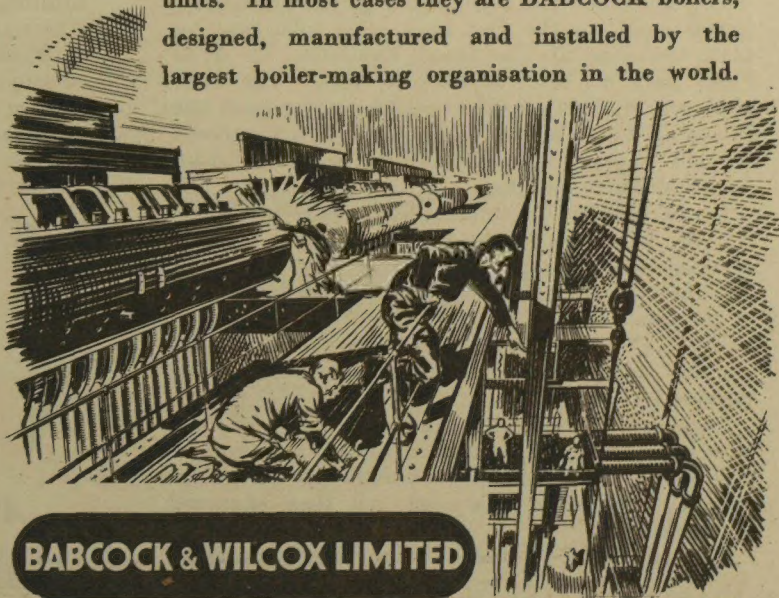
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THE POWER OF BRITAIN



High as a ten-storey building, weighing some 2,000 tons, containing over 70 miles of steel tubing, operating at steam pressures of the order of 1,500 pounds per square inch and temperatures of over 1,000°F; such is the measure of the modern power-station boiler. A typical power-station may have as many as twelve of these vast units. In most cases they are BABCOCK boilers, designed, manufactured and installed by the largest boiler-making organisation in the world.

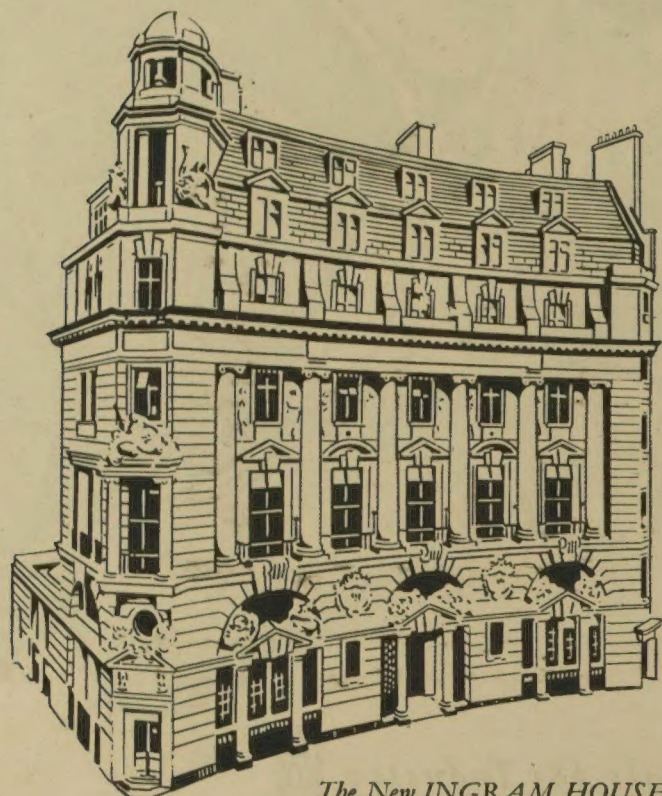


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Engineers and Contractors • BABCOCK HOUSE, FARRINGTON ST., LONDON, E.C.4

BACK TO THE SITE OF OUR BIRTH

THE WORLD'S
FIRST ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS,
WAS FOUNDED HERE By HERBERT INGRAM
MAY 14th, 1842



The New INGRAM HOUSE

SO READS a bronze plaque on the front of INGRAM HOUSE, 195-198, Strand, the new headquarters of Illustrated Newspapers Limited. Behind this imposing building stands the great printing works of *The Illustrated London News*, where our master craftsmen pioneered most of the printing processes now in common use all over the world.

In the one hundred and nine years which have elapsed since Herbert Ingram (grandfather of the present Editor-in-Chief, Sir Bruce Ingram, O.B.E., M.C.) first started publishing in the modest building shown on the right, the development of the illustrated weekly newspaper, peculiar to our country, has grown to be one of the great pillars in British journalism. To-day, the impressive Illustrated Newspapers Group comprises *The Illustrated London News*, *The Sketch*, *The Tatler*, *The Sphere*, *Sport & Country*, and the popular monthly magazine, *Britannia and Eve*. Each paper, in its particular field, produces a record and mirror through which readers in every civilised country in the world may keep abreast of events. For British advertisers some of these publications offer selective coverage and penetration unequalled in any other country.



WILLIAM LITTLE, Publisher, releases Queen's visit to Scotland number, Oct. 29, 1842.

A Brief Story of Historical Interest to every Business Executive

This week is a red letter occasion for Illustrated Newspapers, who take over their new premises in the Strand at the corner of Milford Lane, on the site where the world's first illustrated newspaper was produced one hundred and nine years ago.

On May 14, 1842, the first issue of *The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* was published. Its founder was a young printer, Herbert Ingram, a native of Boston, Lincs. He had come to London and had decided that the time was ripe for the public to have a newspaper full of pictures in addition to the printed word.

Each picture had to be drawn by an artist and then engraved by hand on pieces of box-wood. Captions and articles had to be hand-set, letter by letter. A small steam engine powered the printing machine.

The new paper was a success from the beginning: 26,000 copies of the first issue were sold, and by 1851, the year of *The Great Exhibition* in Hyde Park, sales reached 130,000 per week. The issue of March 14, 1863, dealing with the marriage of the Prince of Wales, later King Edward VII, numbered 310,000 copies. Special Numbers in those far-off days cost Three Shillings.

In the year 1879, *The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS* claimed to be the fastest wood-cut printing establishment in the world. The Ingram Rotary Machine had been invented. It printed both sides of the paper at once and turned out 6,500 copies an hour. It required only four men to operate it, whereas thirty men and five machines were needed previously.

Although photography had been used since 1842 as a basis from which wood engravings were copied, it was not until 1860 that an illustration was photographed on to the box-wood and then engraved by hand.

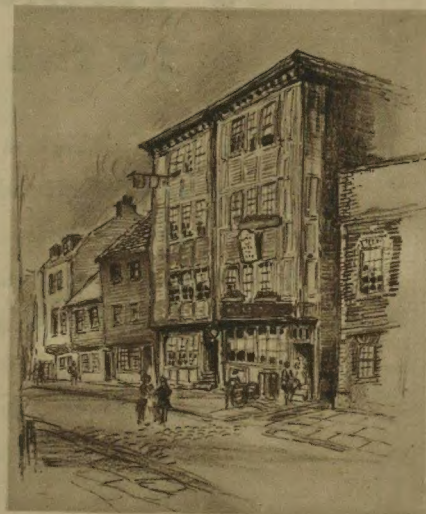
The advent of "process" engraving was marked by the publication in *The ILLUSTRATED LONDON*

NEWS of 23rd February, 1884. Halftone blocks commenced to appear towards the end of the 'eighties and during the 'nineties. The success of the halftone process brought into being new Illustrated Newspapers, among them *The SKETCH*, 1893, *The SPHERE*, 1900, and *The TATLER*, 1901.

The richness of reproduction offered by the photogravure process first appeared in a periodical in 1911, when Sir Bruce Ingram, present Editor-in-Chief of *ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPERS*, caused to be installed rotary photogravure printing machines whose copper cylinders each print eight pages of illustrations and text.

In the Christmas Number of *The ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS*, 1855, the first pictures in colour were published. They are crude by comparison with the superb art-paper colour of our own time.

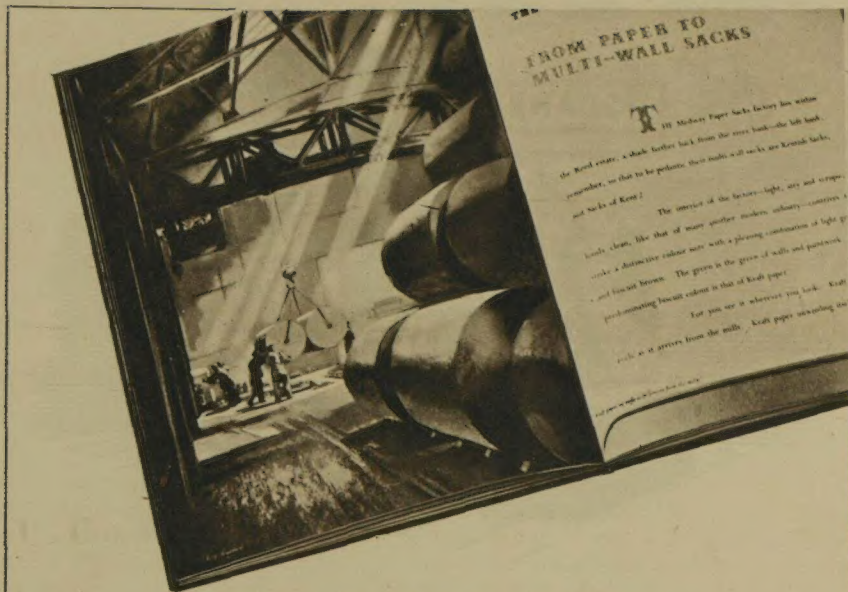
Printing and publishing without a break through all the wars of the last century, the passage of time and bomb damage in World War II, brought opportunity for us to acquire our imposing new Headquarters on the site of the old. We are proud of our tradition and progressive contribution to the technique of our craft.



Timbered Hostelry "The Three Horse Shoes" in Old Milford Lane ... where our great printing works now stand.

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with ...

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The name of Laing stands for many fine structures—factories, power stations, steelworks, cement works, aerodromes and schools—completed efficiently and on time, and for a century-old tradition of team work and craftsmanship. The name sets a standard which the firm's employees are ambitious to live up to; and so it is a great begetter of deeds.

Furthermore it guarantees that same high standard of work for those who entrust their construction to John Laing and Son Limited.

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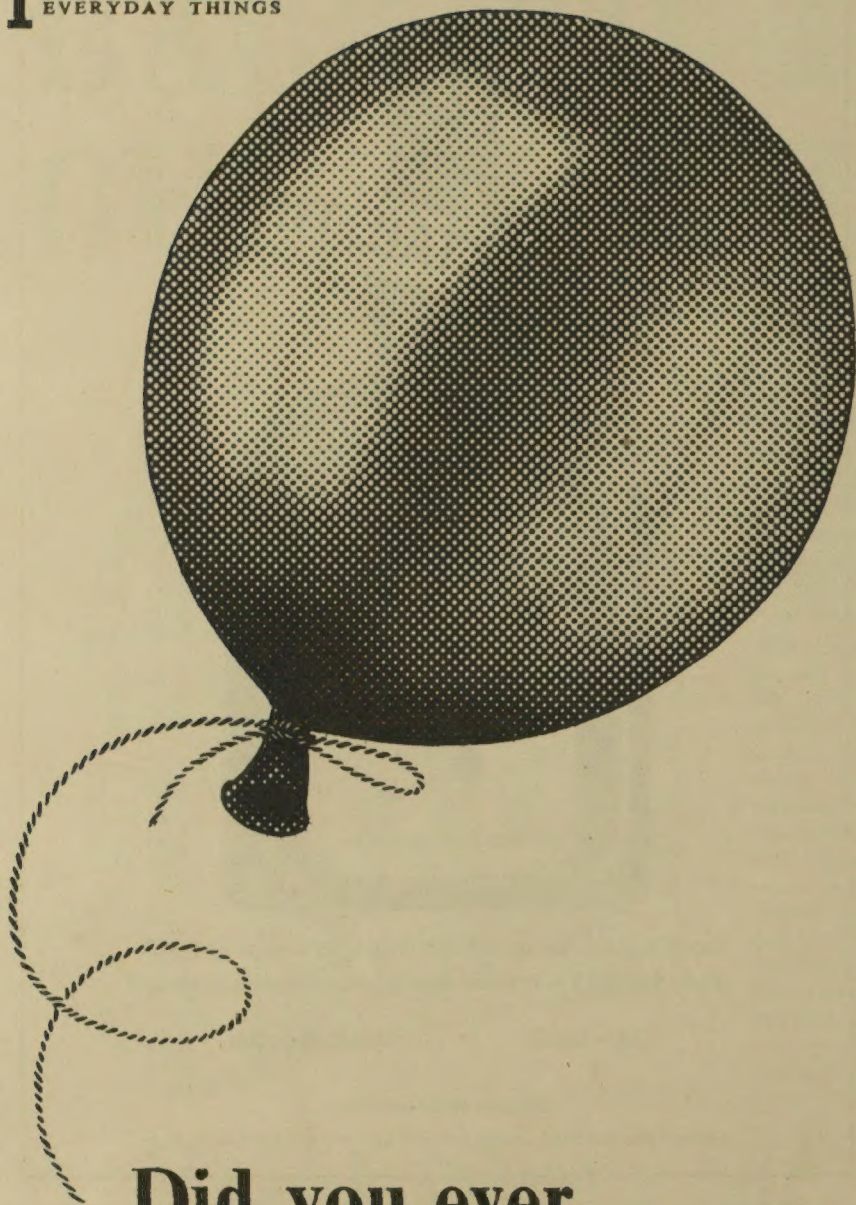
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1 SCIENCE AND EVERYDAY THINGS



Did you ever

rub your head with a balloon when you were little and watch the balloon cling on to the ceiling afterwards? Or perhaps you rubbed a fountain pen on your sleeve and picked up scraps of paper with it. Either way, the power at work was electricity — so named because the ancient Greeks found that amber (which they called *Elektron*) had the same sort of attractive influence.

This was probably the earliest of man's electrical discoveries. It is still used today — for instance in smoke deposition and in holding the powder to the glass in making fluorescent tubes. There are plans to use it to make artificial velvet, by electrifying an adhesive backing material and so attracting fibres on to it.

To apply even the simplest facts of electricity calls for great knowledge, ingenuity and skill. It calls for vast resources and insatiable research. It calls for soundly based traditions and for well-laid plans ahead.

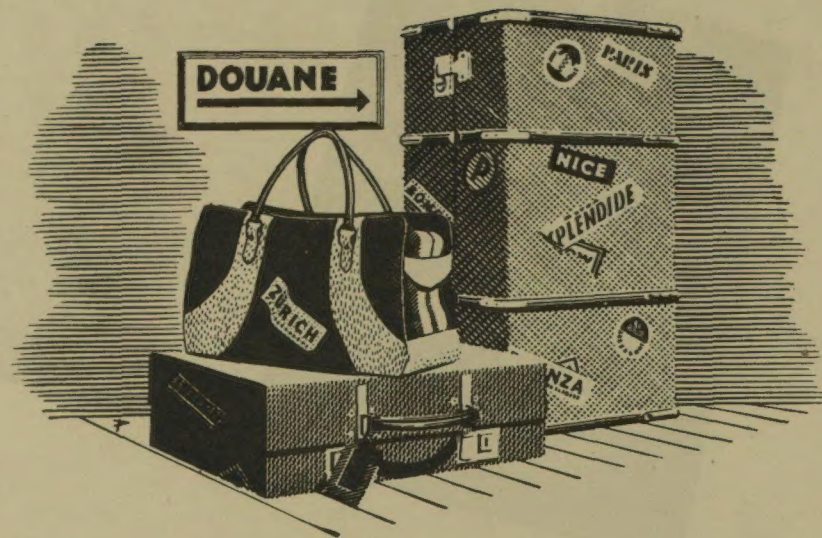
These vital things cry out for A.E.I.

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Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co. Ltd.
The Edison Swan Electric Co. Ltd.
Ferguson Pailin Ltd.
The Hotpoint Electric Appliance Co. Ltd.
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1951.



THE FINISH OF THE ASCOT GOLD CUP: THE FRENCH OUTSIDER PAN II. WINNING BY THREE LENGTHS FROM MR. CHURCHILL'S GREY, COLONIST II., AFTER MAKING A LAST-MOMENT RUN.

The race for the Gold Cup, at Ascot on June 14 was a most exciting one. The runners included his Majesty's *Above Board* and Mr. Churchill's *Colonist II.*—and a victory for either of these horses would have been hailed with immense enthusiasm by the crowds. At one brief moment the Royal colours looked promising, and then *Colonist II.*, who had moved up to the front a mile from the finish, seemed to be the winner, and the crowd were preparing joyfully to greet

what would have been a vastly popular victory. But it was not to be. Monsieur E. Constant's *Pan II.* (*Atys—Pretty Girl*), which had started at 100 to 8, made a last-moment dash which carried him past the post, a winner from *Colonist II.* by three lengths. *Pan II.* has been second in each of his three races this year, and his stamina won him the Gold Cup—the first win in this country for his owner. A photograph of the Royal party at Ascot appears elsewhere in this issue.



By ARTHUR BRYANT.

AS we grow older, few of us, I fear, get much pleasanter. Yet most of us appear to get a little wiser, and I like to think that, if I am no exception—and I fear I cannot be—to the first of these rules, I am probably no exception to the second. For with less hair on one's head and an expanding waistline, one can at least look back on a longer perspective and see how the things that matter begin to stand out in time. An ageing historian is even more fortunate than most in this respect. For his craft serves as an artificial perspective-glass to enlarge his vision.

A great poet whom, whatever his faults, the British people to-day can only, in my belief, neglect at their peril—for he was a seer as well as a poet—expressed this sense in one of his less familiar verses. It began—and some of my readers may recall it:

As I pass through my incarnations in every age and race,
I make my proper prostrations to the Gods of the Market Place.
Peering through reverent fingers I watch them flourish and fall,
And the Gods of the Copybook Headings, I notice, outlast them all.

"The Gods of the Copybook Headings"! Kipling hit something there

that the modern world of intellectuals and ideologues, humanitarians and psychologists had overlooked. Anyone who heard at the time his intensely unpopular broadcast speech on the evening of King George the Fifth's Jubilee Day—his swan-song, as it were, for within a few weeks of making it he was dead—will recall the contrast it prophetically underlined between the hopes and beliefs then current and the grim realities which were to close round us only four years later. We had somehow formed the notion that we could get along very nicely by the light of our unaided reason and without reference to moral laws, which we dismissed as antiquated superstitions and unhealthy complexes, and then encountered a tornado of harsh facts which proved, in the most painful possible way, that we could do nothing of the kind. It was not reason that manned the boats at Dunkirk, held the Sussex skies and the Desert approaches to the Delta, patrolled the Northern seas, stormed the D-day beaches and pierced the Burmese jungle. It was discipline, fortitude, endurance, hardihood; the virtues—not of an imaginary but of a harsh and realistic world. "The Gods of the Copybook Headings with terror and slaughter return," and we had to turn to those ancient and supposedly discarded Copybook Headings to survive.

It looks as though we may soon have to do so again. There have been ugly and disquieting rumours of the betrayal of trusts by men in authority; there have been proved betrayals of secrets by Government employees in late years that have endangered, perhaps fatally, the lives of millions of Britons and, still worse, of the enduring ideals which our people, for all their faults and human mistakes, represent. These betrayals have occurred, as I have earlier pointed out on this page, because those who rule us and those who create public opinion have increasingly chosen to assume that loyalty and patriotism were unnecessary virtues, indeed not virtues at all. They were merely symptoms, we have been told, of a ludicrous and reactionary stupidity. The public servants who still believed in and practised such virtues were contemptuously branded as Blimps. Yet Blimp, as we are now beginning to see, was a far better and wiser man than the unstable and brittle intellectuals who derided him, and a far more faithful and reliable servant to England. The comfort and security we enjoy rests, as it has always done, on the bones of dead Blimps: Blimps who lacked the cleverness to see that patriotism and loyalty were humbug but, fortunately for us, did not lack the fidelity and courage to die for us and their own outmoded faith. And whatever weakness there is in our national position in the world to-day—and there is much—lies largely in the fact that we have discarded, in favour

of others less faithful, our most faithful servants and their outmoded virtues. The suburbs of Bath and Cheltenham and the fading streets of Kensington are full of them.

Perhaps it is not too fanciful for a historian to see in these honourable men and their virtues of courage, constancy and loyalty—long enhanced and fortified by the great Christian tradition we have embraced and tried to follow, however inadequately, for more than a thousand years—the likeness of our remote Anglo-Saxon ancestors. These simple forest folk—seamen and warriors turned farmers—though often cruel and barbarous, were not without great qualities. They were brave and loyal and true to their kin and leaders; there was no shame in their eyes to equal the man who in adversity turned his back on the fight or betrayed king, lord or comrade. Those who had eaten a man's salt must die by his side. "Never shall the steadfast men round Stourmere," cried the Essex thegn when his *eaorl* fell, "reproach me that I journey lordless home."

In this lay the nobility of these far-off ancestors of ours. There was little comfort in their harsh creed. The end of all things was death: neither

triumph nor happiness could endure. Even their gods, feasting in their paradise, Valhalla, they believed must fall in the end to the frozen Jotuns, and these in turn to Fate—the Weird to whose decree all created things must bow. There was no escape, no ultimate mercy or tenderness on icy earth or storm-riven sky.

Yet out of this melancholy creed—soon to be transformed by Christianity—sprang a sense of poetry and the quality of greatness. The bards of these rough fighters who, though they could not write, handed down their traditions in their songs, reminded them, even in the hour of pride and triumph, that death and destruction awaited all. "Where is the steed? Where is the rider? Where is the giver of treasure?" sang one of their poets. "The bulwarks are dismantled, the banqueting-hall is in ruins, the lords lie bereft of joy and all their proud chivalry is fallen by the wall." The heathen English did not hold the vulgar belief that man, with his petty, transient powers, was a god controlling the universe. They knew that his genius lay in his capacity for suffering and enduring.

There was only one resort for a man—courage: to accept what Fate had in store without flinching. Only the craven whined; the valiant and noble kept his grief locked in his own heart. The worse Fate treated him, the truer he should be to his creed and comrades; the coward and traitor would meet the same end as the hero and gain nothing for his baseness but shame. The just and true would live on in the memory of his comrades; the cheat, the liar and the coward would drown in the mud beneath the feet of those he had deceived and betrayed.

It was a rough, masculine creed, without subtlety or refinement. It judged men, not by what they said or thought, but by their conduct. Yet it bred

in them a sense of duty and responsibility without which no nation can grow great or endure. It taught the rank and file loyalty and their leaders the obligation to sacrifice themselves for the led. "I have purchased with my death a hoard of treasures," cried Beowulf, the legendary hero, after his mortal fight with the Dragon, "I give thanks that before my dying day I have won it for my peoples." So on the battlefield of Maldon the outnumbered English fought on without hope of victory:

Thought shall be the harder, heart the keener,
Mood shall be the more as our might lessens.

It is a creed which their descendants have continued to honour through the ages. In the hour of adversity and danger they have always closed their ranks, faced up to fate and been true to one another.



A FINE AUSTRALIAN WHO SERVED HIS COUNTRY MAGNIFICENTLY: MR. JOSEPH B. CHIFLEY, PRIME MINISTER OF AUSTRALIA FROM 1945 TO 1949, WHO DIED SUDDENLY ON JUNE 13.

Mr. Joseph Benedict Chifley, Leader of the Opposition in the present Australian Parliament, and Prime Minister from 1945 to 1949, died suddenly in Canberra on June 13 at the age of sixty-five. Dr. Evatt, the Deputy Opposition Leader, described his death as a great blow not only to the Australian Labour movement, but to Australia. Mr. Chifley, the son of a blacksmith, joined the N.S.W. Railways as a shop-boy, and became an engine-driver. At one time he drove the Melbourne-Sydney express. He entered politics from the ranks of his trade union, securing election for Macquarie in 1928. He was Minister of Defence, 1931-32; and in 1941 Mr. Curtin appointed him Treasurer. From 1942-45 he was Minister for Post-War Reconstruction, and acted as Prime Minister during Mr. Curtin's last illness in 1945, and after his death was chosen as Leader of the Labour Party and became Prime Minister. Mr. Chifley, who was a warm friend of Britain, visited this country for the Commonwealth talks in 1946 and 1949.

NEWS FROM HOME AND ABROAD: A CAMERA RECORD OF RECENT EVENTS.



A FRIENDLY HANDSHAKE: MR. ERIC DRAKE (LEFT), GENERAL MANAGER OF THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY, AND AMIR ALAI.

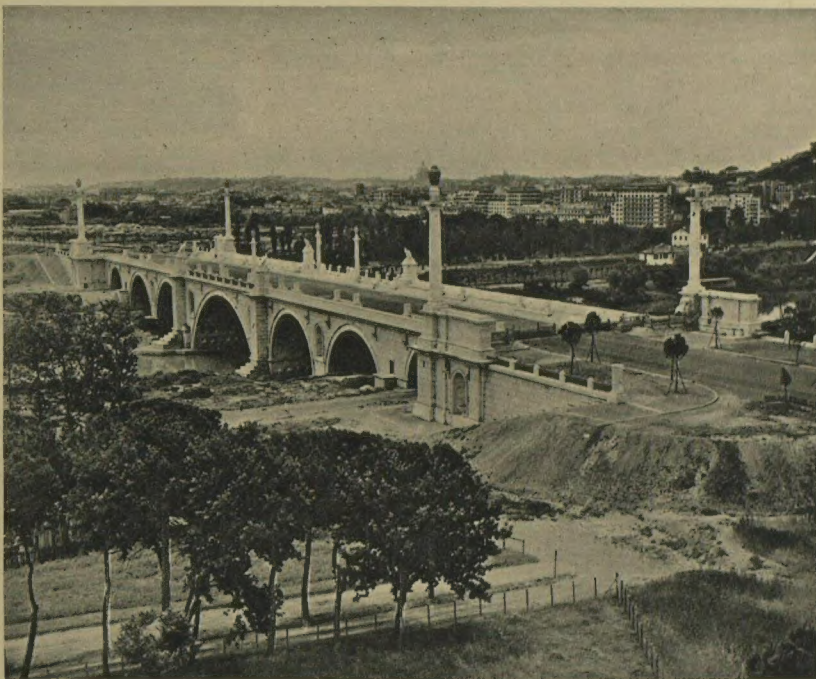
On June 11 Mr. Eric Drake, general manager of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company, held a "friendly and pleasant conversation" with the three temporary directors whom the Persian Government has appointed for the nationalised industry. Amir Alai, the Governor of Khuzistan, accompanied the three directors to Mr. Drake's office in Khorram Shahr, near Abadan. Amir Alai had earlier put up a new notice-board reading "Temporary board of directors for the nationalisation of oil" near the main entrance to the refinery.



WATCHING THE PERSIAN FLAG BEING HOISTED OVER THE MAIN OFFICE OF THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY IN THE PRESENCE OF THE GOVERNOR OF KHUZISTAN: THE SCENE IN ABADAN.



THE LATEST FRENCH JET FIGHTER: THE MARCEL DASSAULT 452 MYSTÈRE, FOR WHICH A SPEED OF ABOUT 1000 K.P.H. (APPROXIMATELY 625 MILES) PER HOUR IS CLAIMED. THESE MACHINES ARE EXPECTED TO BE IN PRODUCTION SOON.



RECENTLY OPENED TO TRAFFIC: THE NEW BRIDGE OF FREEDOM SPANNING THE RIVER TIBER IN ROME; IN THE BACKGROUND IS THE DOME OF ST. PETER'S.

The fine new bridge illustrated above which spans the River Tiber, in Rome, has been recently opened to traffic after building operations had been interrupted by the war. It has been appropriately named "The Bridge of Freedom." In the background of our photograph the dome of St. Peter's can be discerned.



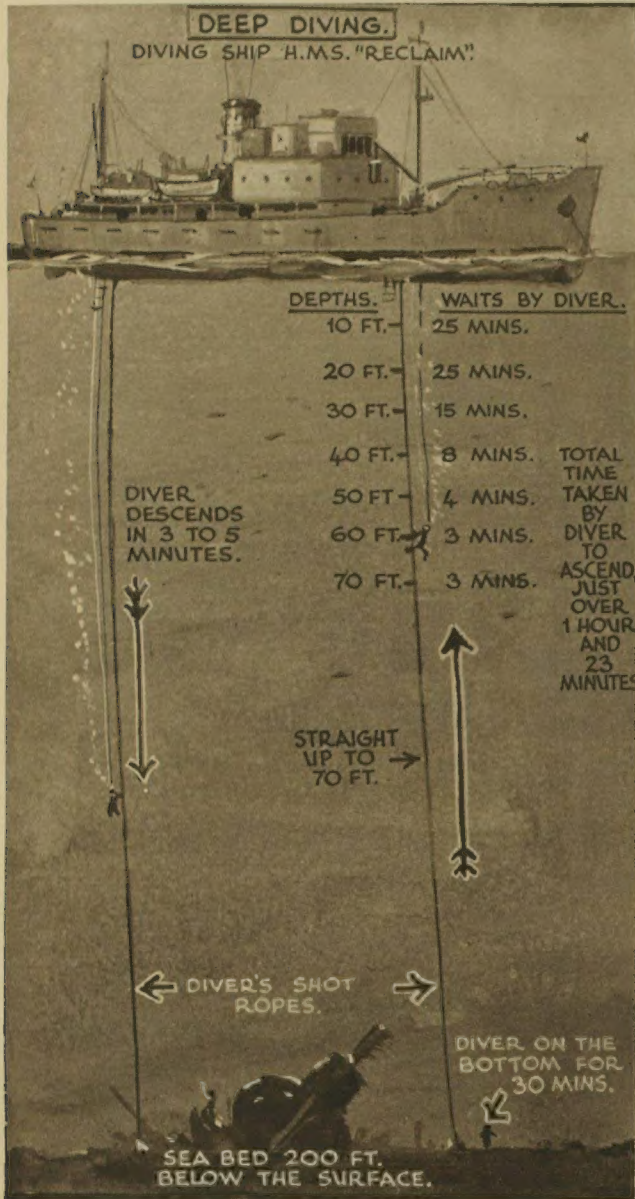
THE WORLD'S FIRST JET FIGHTER FLYING-BOAT MAKES THE WORLD'S FIRST JET LANDING ON THE THAMES: THE SAUNDERS-ROE SR A1 TOUCHING-DOWN IN WOOLWICH REACH.

On June 17 Mr. Geoffrey Tyson flew the SR A1 jet fighter flying-boat (the world's first) from Cowes, I.O.W., to Woolwich Reach in 11½ minutes, and so made the first jet landing on the surface of the Thames. The aircraft was later towed to a mooring at the Nelson Pier of the South Bank Exhibition to be part of an exhibition of British gas turbine achievements. Also in this exhibition will be the Royal Navy's two gas turbine craft, the earlier of which, M.T.B. 5559 was the first of its kind to go to sea.

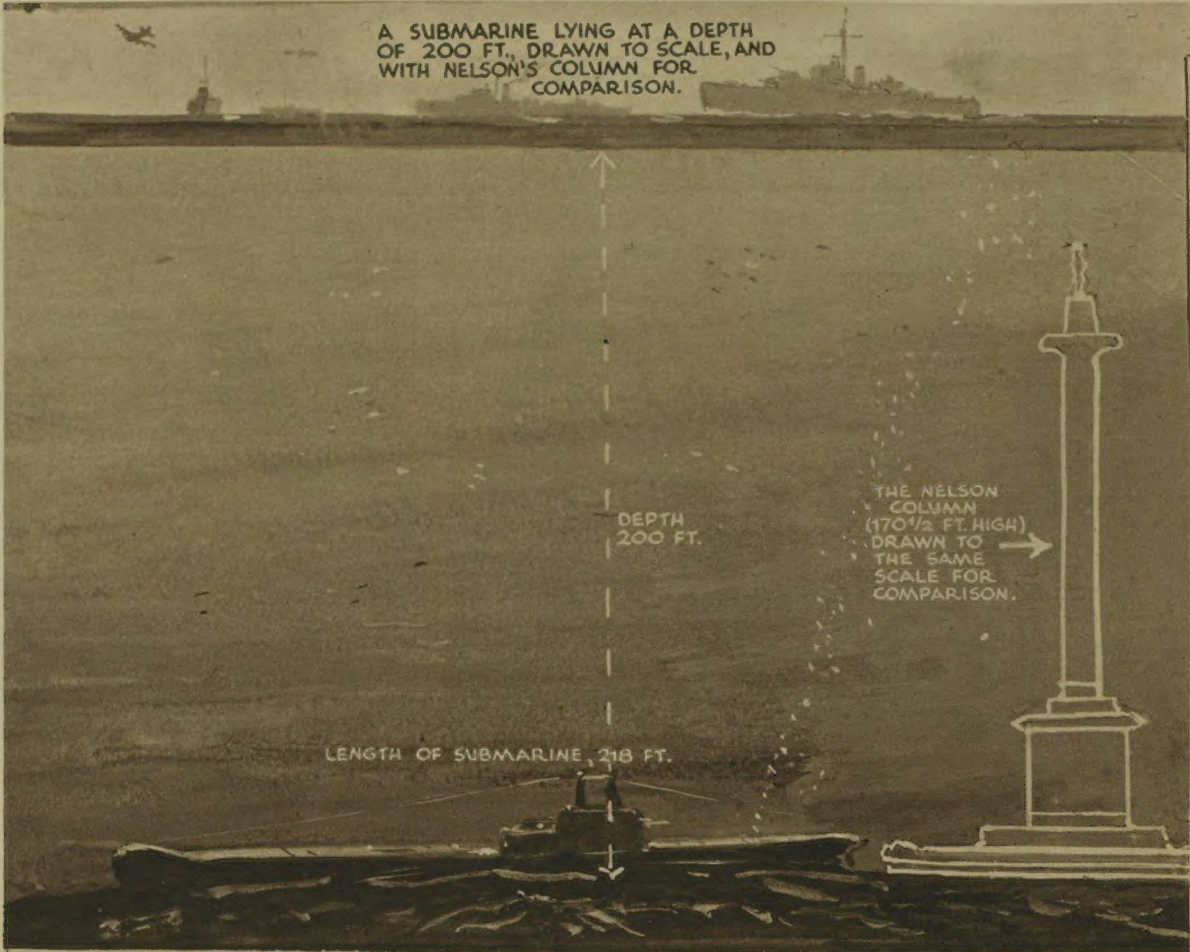


MR. GEOFFREY TYSON, THE CHIEF TEST PILOT FOR SAUNDERS-ROE LTD., WHO LANDED THE SR A1 JET FLYING-BOAT ON THE THAMES.

THE DRAMATIC FINDING OF H.M.S. "AFFRAY": METHODS USED IN THE SEARCH.

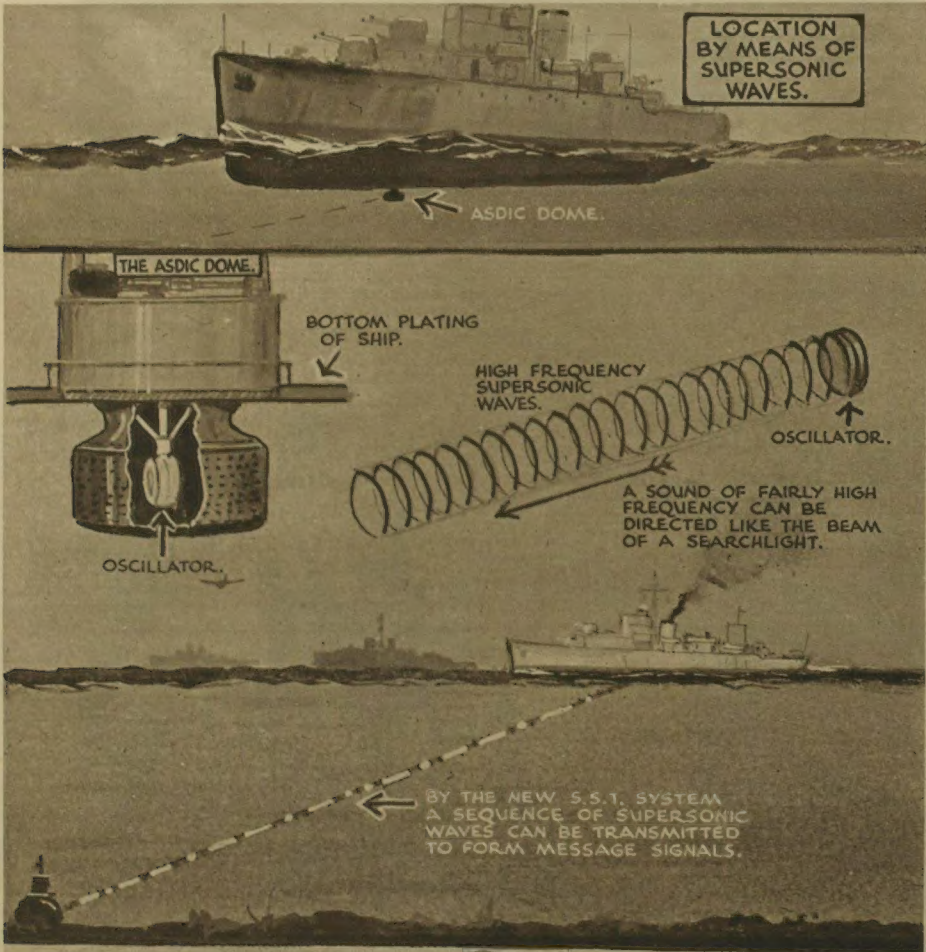


THE WORKING CONDITIONS OF THE DEEP DIVER. AT 200 FT., HE CAN ONLY WORK 30 MINUTES, AND NEEDS 83 MINUTES TO RETURN TO THE SURFACE.



A DIAGRAM WHICH GIVES THE SCALE OF SUBMARINE SALVAGE OPERATIONS AT A DEPTH OF 200 FT. H.M.S. AFFRAY WAS LOCATED ON JUNE 15 LYING AT AN EVEN GREATER DEPTH, 258 FT., ABOUT SIXTEEN MILES WEST-NORTH-WEST OF ALDERNEY, IN TIDAL WATERS, NEAR THE EDGE OF THE HURD DEEP.

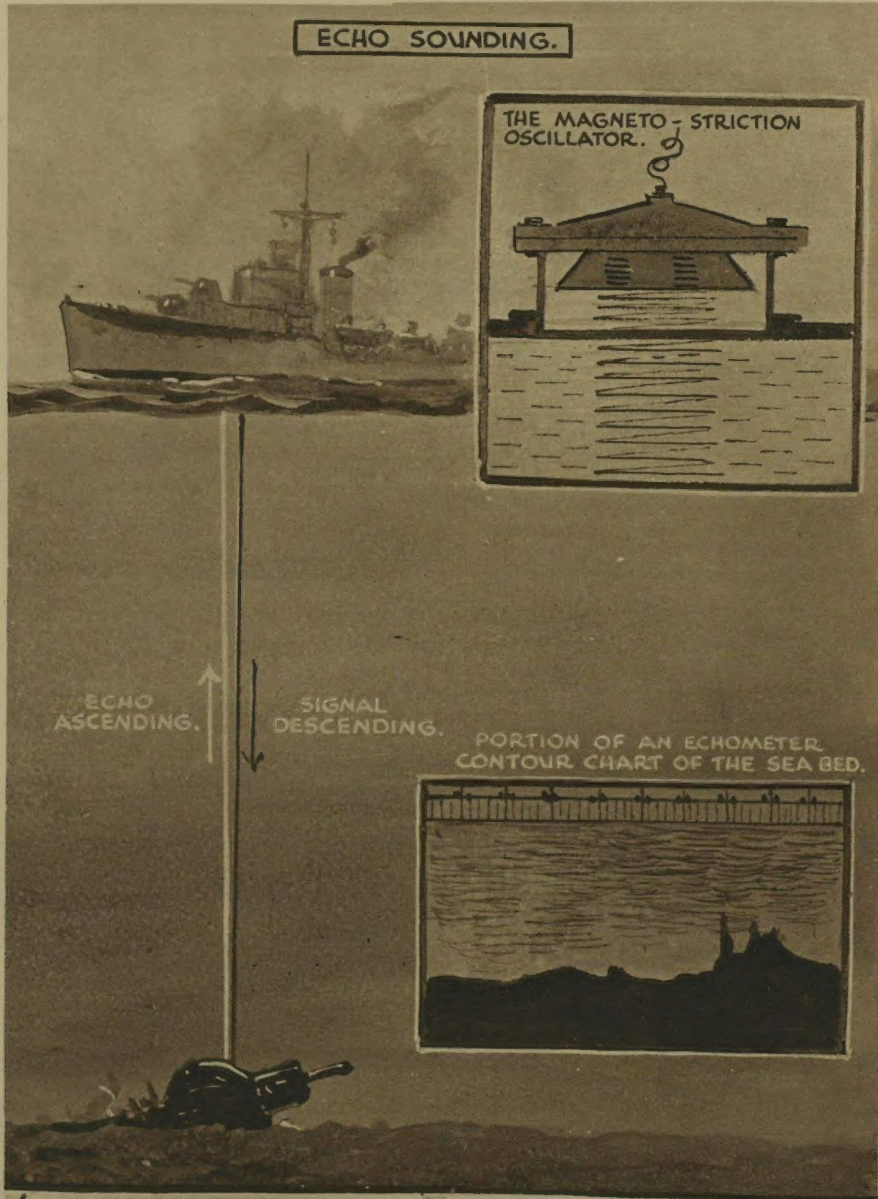
ON June 15 the sunken submarine *Affray* was located after a search which lasted two days short of two months and covered over 1000 square miles of the bed of the Channel. The discovery was reported to the Admiralty by [Continued below.]



ONE OF THE CHIEF METHODS OF LOCATING UNDERWATER OBJECTS: THE TRANSMISSION IN BEAM-FORM OF HIGH-FREQUENCY SUPERSONIC WAVES FROM THE ASDIC DOME.

[Continued.] H.M.S. *Reclaim*, the diving-ship, and it was made in the first place by asdic (see lower left picture) and confirmed by a diver, who was able to establish the identity of the wreck and even to read the submarine's name on her side. Her position, which is about 16 miles west-north-west of the Isle of Alderney, is described as being on the northern edge of the "new area of relative improbability" which began to be examined after the search of the "area of probability" ended on June 9. The discovery has been made not far short of the date at

Drawn by Our Special Artist, G. H. Davis.



ANOTHER MEANS OF LOCATING UNDERWATER OBJECTS: ECHO-SOUNDING. BY MEANS OF AN OSCILLATOR, IMPULSES ARE SENT OUT AND THEIR RETURN RECORDED.

which the Admiralty proposed to abandon the search. *Affray* having been found the problem of her salvage remains. She is lying on an even keel at a depth of 258 ft., and extensive underwater survey by divers, it was stated, would be necessary, before a decision as to the possibility of raising the submarine could be made. Submarine salvage is possible at these depths in favourable circumstances, the classic example being the U.S. submarine *F4*, which sank in 306 ft. in 1915, off Honolulu, and which was successfully raised.



HOW THE DAMAGE TO H.M.S. *AFFRAY* HAS BEEN SURVEYED: THE SUBMARINE OBSERVATION CHAMBER USED IN THE OPERATION.

On June 16 the Admiralty announced that a preliminary survey had revealed that the sunken *Affray* was "in normal condition except that her snort device is damaged. All hatches are closed and her indicator buoys . . . were not released. Her hydroplanes are set to rise. The present indications are that no attempt was made to use any of the escape hatches." This survey, conducted in 43 fathoms (258 ft.), was made for the most part in the submarine observation chamber shown above. Such chambers are of immense use. Although, of course, they lack the mobility of the independent diver in a diving-suit, they can be operated at great depths and for long periods (one diver examining *Affray* was down for one hour sixteen minutes), and they can be hauled to the surface without the delays necessary for decompression. The type used in the survey of *Affray* was manufactured in Italy and is an improved version of that used by Italian divers in salvaging the *Egypt's* gold in 400 ft. off Brittany in 1930. It is of light, all-welded construction and is lowered by a derrick from the parent ship (in this

case H.M.S. *Reclaim*). It has a number of windows with double protection which give excellent all-round vision. The operator enters from the top, which is then secured. He wears a breathing-set, a half-mask over the nose and mouth, the counter-lung and regenerating canister being carried on the chest, with a small oxygen cylinder below. By this means he can breathe the same air over and over again. Additional oxygen is also carried in the chamber. He sits on a rotatable bicycle seat and is linked with the surface by telephone. An independent lamp is lowered alongside the chamber. While the chamber is dependent on the overhead cable it naturally "pumps" up and down with every movement of the ship and swirls with the current; but when the operator is in the desired position he can anchor himself with his base weight at any height and take the tension off the upper cable. Thus the operator can make his observations relatively in comfort and at leisure, and in a controlled atmospheric pressure, instead of the 120 lb. per square inch obtaining at 43 fathoms.

PERSONALITIES AND OCCASIONS OF THE WEEK.



DISMISSED FROM HER STEVENAGE BOARD POST: MRS. MONICA FELTON.

On June 13 it was announced that Mrs. Monica Felton had been dismissed for neglect of duty from her post as Chairman of the Stevenage Development Corporation. This followed a recent visit she paid to North Korea under the auspices of the Women's International Democratic Federation, and statements she had made afterwards alleging that American and British soldiers had committed atrocities.



HOLDING THEIR SPRINGBOK MASCOT ALOFT IN TRIUMPH AFTER WINNING THE FIRST TEST MATCH: A. D. NOURSE (LEFT) AND E. A. B. ROWAN, SOUTH AFRICAN CAPTAIN AND VICE-CAPTAIN. After five-days play, in three of which fortunes fluctuated, the South Africans won the first of the five Test matches, at Trent Bridge, Nottingham, on June 12. The South Africans defeated England by 71 runs, to achieve their second victory in a Test match in this country. When the end came, the crowd gathered round the pavilion to warmly applaud the South African victory, and Nourse, proudly waving the team's Springbok mascot, acknowledged their cheers.

PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE AND EVENTS OF NOTE.



CHIEF OF THE WOMEN'S ROYAL AUSTRALIAN AIR FORCE: MISS DORIS CARTER.

Recently appointed Chief of the Women's Royal Australian Air Force. Miss Carter, who is thirty-eight, is a Wing Officer in the W.R.A.A.F. Until her recent appointment, Miss Carter, famous as a sprinter, hurdler and discus thrower for Australia in the 1936 Olympic Games, was dealing with junior emigration in London. She is now on her way back to Australia to take up her new appointment.



MR. IVOR BACK.

Died on June 13, aged seventy-one. He was Consulting Surgeon to St. George's Hospital; Surgeon to the Grosvenor Hospital for Women; and late Examiner in Surgery to the University of Cambridge. In 1906 he was awarded the Allingham scholarship in surgery, and was A.K. Travelling Fellow, 1911-12.



SIR HUBERT HENDERSON.

Elected Warden of All Souls in succession to the late Mr. B. H. Sumner. Sir Hubert Henderson, who is Drummond Professor of Political Economy at Oxford University, has been a fellow of All Souls since 1934. He was editor of the *Nation and Athenaeum* from 1923 to 1930.



DELEGATES OF THE ANGLO-IRANIAN OIL COMPANY: MR. B. R. JACKSON (LEADER; LEFT) AND MR. E. H. O. ELKINGTON. On June 6 the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company announced the names of the delegates to discuss the proposed nationalisation with the Persian Government. Mr. B. R. Jackson, the deputy chairman, is leader. He and Mr. Elkington, a director, and general manager in Persia from 1929 to 1937, left for Teheran by air on June 10.



SIR THOMAS GARDINER.

Sir Thomas Gardiner, one of the directors of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company appointed by the British Government, and formerly Chairman of the National Dock Labour Board; and Mr. N. A. Gass, are the other two senior members of the delegation for talks in Teheran. On June 18 it was announced that the time limit set by the Persians for a reply to their demand for a transfer of funds before continuing their talks, had been extended. Mr. Herbert Morrison sent a personal message to Dr. Moussadek urging good will in the talks.



MR. N. A. GASS.



HOLDING THEIR FILM TROPHY AWARDS: MISS ANNA NEAGLE AND MR. ALEC GUINNESS.

On June 12, Miss Anna Neagle and Mr. Alec Guinness were presented with the *Picturegoer* film trophy awards for 1951. Miss Neagle was voted to have given the year's best screen performance by an actress for her part as "Odette"; and Mr. Guinness headed the "best actor" section for his performance in "The Mudlark."



RECEIVING HIS SEAL OF OFFICE FROM MR. SEAN O'KELLY, THE PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH REPUBLIC: MR. DE VALERA (LEFT).

Mr. de Valera, leader of Fianna Fail, was elected Prime Minister of Eire on June 13 by 74 votes to 69, after a proposal that Mr. Costello, the Coalition Prime Minister, should be re-elected was narrowly defeated. Mr. de Valera was Premier from 1937 to 1948. The strength of the parties after the recent General Election was: Fianna Fail, 69; Fine Gael, 40; Labour, 16; Republicans, 2; Farmers, 6; Independents, 14.



DEPRIVED OF HIS BRITISH CITIZENSHIP: KARL STRAUSS.

The Home Secretary, Mr. Ede, announced on June 14 that Karl Strauss was to be deprived of his citizenship of the United Kingdom and Colonies. He was recently deported back to England from France, where he went after appearing before the Deprivation of Citizenship Committee when he was accused of acting as a secret agent of the Czech Government.



ARRIVING IN OXFORD, WHERE HE RECEIVED AN HONORARY DOCTORATE: M. ANTONIN BESSE, FOUNDER OF ST. ANTONY'S COLLEGE, WITH HIS WIFE. M. Antonin Besse, the French industrialist who founded St. Antony's College, Oxford, with a gift of £1,250,000, had an honorary Doctorate of Civil Law conferred on him at Oxford University on June 12. At his own wish, the ceremony took place at a routine meeting of Convocation. Our photograph shows M. Besse, who is an honorary K.B.E., arriving for the ceremony with his wife.



ON May 25 the United States Atomic Energy Commission and the Department of Defence announced the conclusion of the latest series of tests of atomic weapons at Eniwetok Atoll by a joint task force. In contrast to the earlier experiments, little information has been released and the photographs on this page were only made available to the Press on June 13 in Washington. Rockets were sent up to capture samples from the atomic cloud as shown in our top photograph and comprehensive measurements were made of the blast and thermo effects on structures, aircraft and material. At a Press conference on June 13 Lieut. General Quesada, the commander of the task force, stated that atomic mid-air explosions do not leave the target area poisoned with radioactivity and that "the mysterious ghost of lingering radiation should be dispelled."



THE LATEST SERIES OF TESTS OF ATOMIC WEAPONS AT ENIWETOK ATOLL: (TOP) THE TYPICAL "MUSHROOM" EFFECT AFTER THE DETONATION WITH ROCKETS, DESIGNED TO CAPTURE SAMPLE MATERIALS, EXPLODING BENEATH THE CLOUD; (CENTRE) THE BOWLER-HAT EFFECT AT AN EARLY STAGE; AND (BOTTOM) ANOTHER VIEW OF A DETONATION.

TESTING ATOMIC WEAPONS IN THE PACIFIC: PHOTOGRAPHS OF THE LATEST SERIES OF EXPERIMENTS.



CRIME AND PUNISHMENT.

"ARMS OF THE LAW"; BY MARGERY FRY.*

An Appreciation by SIR JOHN SQUIRE.

N.B.—The illustrations on this page are not reproduced from the book.

MISS FRY'S name is famous in the records of prison reform: she has now added to its lustre by producing a modest and illuminating work on the whole subject of Crime and Punishment. She opens (with a professed absence, but a real possession, of "scholarship") with a historical survey of penal codes, from the taboos of the Stone Age onwards. She then proceeds to consider the problems of to-day, the various institutions we have, the various ways of dealing with different types of offenders, and the physical condition of our prisons, with a postscript on Capital Punishment which, she holds, has not been shown to be a deterrent in the countries which have abolished it. It is a general survey of a question which concerns all of us: as citizens we are all accomplices in whatever punishments are meted out by the Crown; it is as well to refresh our minds on the subject, and no book could be fairer, or more stimulating to thought than hers.

In one regard, at least, her book is notably different from most of its earnest and reforming kind. The author, for all her revulsion against the barbarity with which law-breakers have been treated, and her concern for the psychology of misfits, has a sense of humour which, incidentally, makes her propaganda all the more effective. She does not mind illuminating one aspect of her problem by quoting "an old lag in a local prison" who, "asked what his experiences of Pentonville had been, replied rather unexpectedly: 'Well, it's not what you might call a nice little prison like this.'" She is aware of the pitfalls into which criminological theorists may fall and can laugh at them as in this passage: "Though by far the best-known of the criminologists who tried to discover the causes of crime by methods analogous to those of the natural sciences, Lombroso was not the only one. His own son-in-law, Ferri, stressed more its sociological than its biological origins, still in a scientific spirit. He maintained that, just as in a given volume of water at any given temperature the amount of a given chemical substance which can be dissolved can be calculated, so 'in a given social environment in certain defined physical conditions of the individual we find the commission of a fixed number of crimes.' One very cocksure writer, Kropotkin, gives the following formula for telling homicides: Take the average temperature of the month and multiply by seven, add the average humidity, and multiply again by two; you will obtain the number of homicides to be committed during the month: $H=2(7t+h)$." "Could anything be simpler," remarks Miss Fry. Could anything, one might add, be less helpful to the law-abiding citizen or less comforting to the murdered persons and their nearest and dearest? And with a lift of the eyebrows and an ironic smile, she does not disdain to quote passages from old obstructors of reform for their sheer historical and psychological interest.

As a rule, in books of this sort, if any reference is made to obscurantism, our attention is drawn to forgotten Peers, and especially Peers Spiritual, who have sinned against the light. Miss Fry quotes from eminent persons whose memories have been more durable. Here is Carlyle, certainly at his most dyspeptic, describing his impressions of a visit to a prison in which the treadmill had just been abolished, and being sorry for the prison governor: "A man worthy to have commanded and guided forward in such ways as there were, Twelve-hundred of the best common-people of London or the world; he was here, for many years past, giving all his care and faculty to, command and guide forward in such ways as there were, Twelve-hundred of the worst. I looked with considerable admiration on this gentleman; and with considerable astonishment the reverse of admiration, on the work he had here been set upon. . . . The Visiting Magistrates . . . had lately taken his treadmill from him, men were just pulling it down;

and how he was henceforth to enforce discipline on these bad subjects, was much a difficulty with him. . . . You had but to look in the faces of these Twelve-hundred, and despair, for most part, of ever 'commanding' them at all. Miserable, distorted blockheads, the generality; ape-faces, imp-faces, angry dog-faces, heavy sullen ox-faces; degraded underfoot perverse creatures, sons of indocility, greedy mutinous darkness, and in one word, of stupidity, which is the general mother of such. . . . These were the subjects whom our brave Captain and Prison-Governor was appointed to command, and reclaim to other service, by the 'method of love' with a treadmill abolished. Hopeless forevermore such a project. These abject, ape, wolf, ox, imp or other diabolic-animal specimens of humanity, who of the very gods could ever have commanded them by

and pay them what they have merited; this is forevermore intrinsically a correct and even a divine feeling in the mind of every man."

That was merely Carlyle, it may be urged, a sick man with a worship of strength, whose objection to "scoundrels" did not extend to the butcher and spoiler Oliver Cromwell and Frederick the "Great." But this comes from the enlightened Whig, the Rev. Sydney Smith, wittiest and most humane of the salons at Holland House: "Banish all the looms of Preston Gaol, and substitute nothing but the tread-wheel or the capstern or some species of labour where the labourer could not see the results of his toil—where it is as monotonous, irksome and dull as possible—pulling and pushing, instead of reading and writing—no share in the profits, not a single shilling. There should be tea and sugar, no assemblage of female felons round the washing-tub—nothing but beating hemp and pulling oakum and pounding bricks—no work but was tedious unusual and unfeminine."

We have got beyond all that: partly, perhaps, because we have swept away the slums which bred a brutalised population of which glimpses can be caught in the old novelists. We no longer think in terms of revenge; still less in terms of reformation by torture, which seems to have been Sydney Smith's prescription. Sympathy, by a natural swing, has gone over to the criminal, whom we are asked to regard as an object of pity because he is the product of heredity and environment—you can't change his heredity (which must greatly annoy the levellers), but you may at least straighten his warped character by altering his environment. Hence the Borstal Schools and "prisons without bars"; for which it may be said that they do cure some young criminals, but against which it may be argued that they do let others loose on the community to rob, maim or kill—I lived near one for some time last year, and found that the cottagers did not like the proximity one little bit. The trouble about modern theorists is that they are getting perilously near denying any man the responsibility for his actions, and rendering terms like Deadly Sins, Cardinal Virtues and Free Will meaningless.

There are obviously criminals (I have known some) who are primarily cases for treatment: some for operations even. There are borderline cases too. But just as, though it is difficult to say when day shades into night, the facts of day and night remain; so, though the frontiers of sanity and insanity are difficult to delimit, there are sane people and insane people. And there are sane people who are wicked; so egotistic as to choose crime because it will give them whatever they want, either notoriety (Hitler's penchant, and the recent Chatham murderer's) or an easy living. "Then they can't be sane," say the bookish theorists, who never seem to have been subject to any temptations at all. But the majority of us, who have at times held ourselves under restraint because of the pressure of Divine, if not of human, law, know better. A man can keep his hand on the brake or let it go, according to the sense of proportion he has between himself and the Universe, and the sense of responsibility he has towards the Eternal, and the convictions he has about the immortality of the soul. A person is not necessarily either insane or curable because, like Kipling's monkey, he has "too much ego in his cosmos."

Novels are reviewed by K. John, and other books by E. D. O'Brien, on page 1042 of this issue.



MISS MARGERY FRY, THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK REVIEWED ON THIS PAGE.

Miss Margery Fry is a leading authority in the field of penal reform. Among her many activities she has been Principal of Somerville College, Oxford, 1926-31, and Governor of the B.B.C., 1937-39. From 1919-26 she was Hon. Secretary of the Howard League for Penal Reform.



A PRISON OF YESTERDAY: TREAD-WHEEL AND OAKUM-SHED AT THE CITY PRISON, HOLLOWAY. A DETACHMENT OF PRISONERS IS AT WORK ON THE WHEEL, AND THOSE WHO HAVE BEEN RELIEVED ARE EMPLOYED PICKING OAKUM.

An account of the "House of Correction, Holloway," appears in a book by Henry Mayhew published in 1862 which contains a description of the engraving reproduced above: "The tread-wheel consists of two divisions or compartments, the larger one being intended for the adults, and the smaller for juveniles. . . . At the time of our visit those sitting in the seats in front were busy picking oakum, in the interval of tread-wheel labour. . . . they did not appear to be so fatigued with the hard labour as we expected. The tread-wheel labour generally lasts from seven o'clock in the morning till four o'clock in the afternoon, with the exception of the hours spent in chapel, at meals, etc."

Reproduced from "The Criminal Prisons of London," published in 1862.



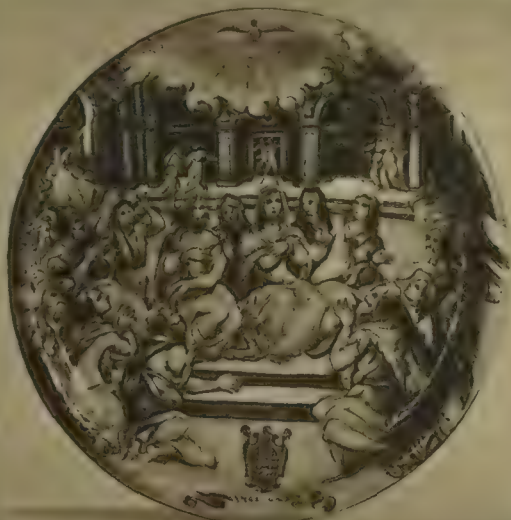
A PRISON OF TO-DAY: A GENERAL VIEW OF THE SCENE IN THE CANVAS SHOP AT WORMWOOD SCRUBS PRISON.

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love? . . . Mark it, my diabolic friends, I mean to lay leather on the backs of you, collars round the necks of you; and will teach you, after the example of the gods, that this world is not your inheritance, or glad to see you in it. You, ye diabolic canaille, what has a Governor much to do with you? . . . You, I consider, he will sweep pretty rapidly into some Norfolk Island . . . and there leave you to reap what you have sown. . . . Does the Christian or any other religion prescribe a love of scoundrels, then? I hope it prescribes a healthy hatred of scoundrels—otherwise, what am I, in Heaven's name, to make of it? . . . Revenge, my friends! revenge, and the natural hatred of scoundrels, and the ineradicable tendency to revancher oneself upon them,

* "Arms of the Law." By Margery Fry. (Published for the Howard League for Penal Reform by Victor Gollancz, Ltd.; 22s. 6d.)

EARLY TIN-GLAZE WARE: A BEQUEST TO THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.



PAINTED IN THE ITALIAN "ISTORIATO" MANNER, WITH A SUBJECT OF THE PENTECOST: A DISH MADE IN FRANCE (LYONS), 2ND HALF OF THE 16TH CENTURY.



PROBABLY ITALIAN C. 1600: A DISH MOULDED WITH A SHELL DESIGN AND PAINTED IN HIGH-TEMPERATURE COLOURS IN THE "STILE COMPENDIARIO" MANNER.



DATING FROM THE MIDDLE OF THE 17TH CENTURY: A DISH PAINTED IN BLUE, WITH A FIGURE OF (?) HOPE, HOLDING AN ANCHOR. GERMAN (HAMBURG).



PAINTED IN ENAMEL COLOURS, WITH A DESIGN BASED ON THE CHINESE, PERHAPS BY CARL HEINRICH VON LÖWENFINCK: A TUREEN AND COVER, C. 1741-43. GERMAN (FULDA).



PAINTED IN BLUE, YELLOW, GREEN TURQUOISE, OCHRE AND PURPLE HIGH-TEMPERATURE COLOURS: A TABLE-CENTRE (SURTOUT DE TABLE) FRENCH (STRASBURG) C. 1744. THE CANDLE-HOLDERS LEFT UNGLAZED AND SUBSEQUENTLY OIL-GILDED ON A RED GROUND.

THE Victoria and Albert Museum recently received a magnificent bequest of Tin-glazed Earthenware from the collection of Mr. Stuart G. Davis, who had been a constant benefactor of the Museum until his death in March last. This collection is now on view in

a newly-opened room, where the fine Hispano-Moresque ware and Italian maiolica from the Salting Bequest are once more displayed. Mr. Stuart Gerald Davis collected with discrimination and knowledge, and his splendid bequest greatly strengthens the Museum collection in its representation of French, German and Spanish tin-glazed earthenware, a section which has hitherto been relatively weak. The pieces in his bequest illustrate the spread of the tin-glaze technique from Italy to other parts of Europe, and especially to France. Sixteenth-century wares made at Rouen, Lyons and Nîmes closely resemble contemporary Italian maiolica. By about 1650, the blue-and-white porcelain from China brought a new influence, seen in the colour-scheme and decoration of tin-glaze wares made at Nevers, Delft, Hamburg and Frankfurt. Strasburg was the first French factory to learn from German porcelain painters the technique of painting over the glaze in "enamel" colours, among which shades of crimson, violet and pink are most conspicuous; it was followed by Niderviller, famous for its fine faience figures and by the factories of Marseilles, Aprey and Sceaux. The bequest includes faience from factories in Germany, Hungary and Sweden. Kiel, Marieberg, Holitsch and specially Fulda, all contributed local variants to an art which, despite the competition of the



A WALL PLAQUE PAINTED IN BLUE, YELLOW, GREEN AND MAUVE, WITH A SCROLLED WHITE FRAME IN RELIEF INSCRIBED AT THE TOP S. MECHTILDIS ABBATISSA AND BELOW DEMONIUM AB EA COMPESCUIT. TE VIDERE.



PAINTED IN ENAMEL COLOURS AND GILT: TWO FIGURES REPRESENTING A 'RUSTIC MAIDEN WITH A GOAT AND A BOY WITH BAGPIPES. FRENCH (NIDERVILLER) C. 1770-80.

porcelain factories, retained its hold on Europe till c. 1780.

SHIPS OF THE ROYAL AND

5 BATTLESHIPS. 2 MONITORS.

36 CRUISERS.



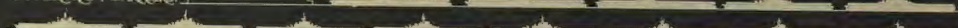
115 MINESWEEPERS.

Ships of Commonwealth Navies included in the above are indicated by letters:—A-Royal Australian Navy; C-Royal Canadian Navy; Cey-

SHIPS OF THE

16 BATTLESHIPS.

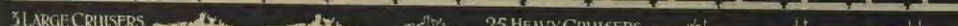
37 AIRCRAFT CARRIERS.



66 ESCORT CARRIERS.



31 LARGE CRUISERS. 25 HEAVY CRUISERS.



175 MINESWEEPERS.



246 ESCORT DESTROYERS.



175 MINESWEEPERS.



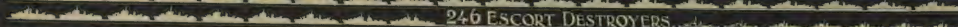
175 MINESWEEPERS.



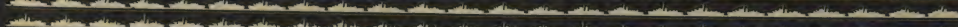
175 MINESWEEPERS.



175 MINESWEEPERS.



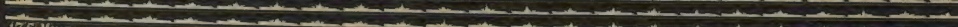
175 MINESWEEPERS.



175 MINESWEEPERS.



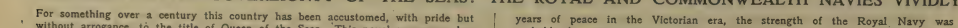
175 MINESWEEPERS.



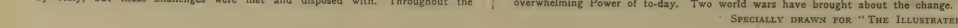
175 MINESWEEPERS.



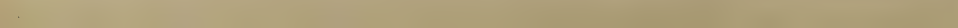
175 MINESWEEPERS.



175 MINESWEEPERS.



175 MINESWEEPERS.



THE SHIFT IN THE SOVEREIGNTY OF THE SEAS: THE ROYAL AND COMMONWEALTH NAVIES VIVIDLY

For something over a century this country has been accustomed, with pride but without arrogance, to the title of Queen of the Seas. This naval supremacy has from time to time been challenged, notably by Germany and in some degree by Italy, but those challenges were met and disposed with. Throughout the

years of peace in the Victorian era, the strength of the Royal Navy was probably the greatest guarantee of the Pax Britannica, and it was undoubtedly under its aegis that the U.S.A. grew from a group of self-preoccupied States into the overwhelming Power of to-day. Two world wars have brought about the change.

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED

COMMONWEALTH NAVIES.

26 AIRCRAFT CARRIERS.



144 DESTROYERS.



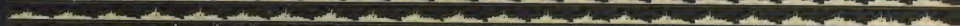
225 FRIGATES.



57 SUBMARINES.



5 CRUISER MINELAYERS.

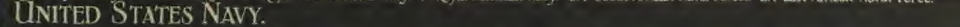


Royal Ceylon Navy; I-Indian Navy; NZ-Royal New Zealand Navy; P-Royal Pakistan Navy; SA-South African Naval Forces; EA-East African Naval Force.

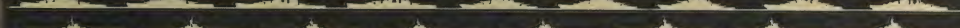
UNITED STATES NAVY.



6 SEAPLANE CARRIERS.



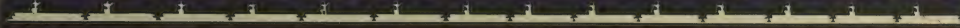
45 LIGHT CRUISERS.



393 DESTROYERS.



205 SUBMARINES.



COMPARED WITH THE NEW AND OVERWHELMING NAVAL MIGHT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

The Royal and Commonwealth Navies are still the second naval Power in the world; but taken together they amount only to about half the size of the United States Navy, which has grown by leaps and bounds to match the huge international responsibilities which America has accepted. The present state of

affairs is graphically shown in this series of drawings, in which all vessels of the two Powers down to ocean-going minesweepers (and not including coastal minesweepers, depot ships, motor craft, landing-ships and U.S. fast troop-carriers of the escort destroyer type) are shown. Those shown in line only are incomplete or projected.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. W. E. RICHARDSON.

THE Chief of the United States Joint Chiefs of Staff Committee, General Omar Bradley, began a series of talks in London on June 8 on the subject of command in the Mediterranean and on subjects closely connected with it. It is known that the delay in making an announcement about the structure of Mediterranean defence has been due to certain friendly differences of opinion, in the main between the United States and the United Kingdom. Writing only a few days after this first meeting, the final decision must in some respects be a matter for speculation. However, my own ideas have become crystallised and will not alter, whatever this final decision may be. As the subject is one of such general interest, it seems preferable to give my view now rather than await the settlement. At this moment it is virtually certain that the North Atlantic Treaty command in the Mediterranean, the so-called Southern Group, will be confided to an American, Admiral Robert Carney, with an American air commander and an Italian land commander under his orders. It is equally clear to me to-day that the scope of this command and certain other matters remain the subject of debate.

One of the most important issues is the boundary. It has been regarded, temporarily at least, as just taking in Italy, running just outside the heel. The United States has advanced the argument that it should be extended to include the whole of the Mediterranean, or that an Eastern Mediterranean group should be created, also coming under General Eisenhower's command. There would, in my opinion, be more to be said for this contention were not the application of Greece and Turkey to enter the North Atlantic Treaty organisation simultaneously under consideration. If Turkey is to become a member of this or any other pact, that pact will extend not merely to the Levant, but deep into Asia, to the Caucasus. It will be concerned on this flank with Asiatic or Middle Eastern strategy, and not at all with North Atlantic, save in so far as all strategy is interwoven. These problems should be dealt with in the first instance territorially, though of course with due regard to co-ordination with others. It should not be forgotten that Turkey, though she has European interests, is primarily a Middle East Power. I think it would be a mistake to do anything which might incline the Turkish General Staff to overlook that fact.

I see another objection to bringing Turkey under General Eisenhower's command—and whatever structure Turkey forms part of ought to include Greece also. It is a well-known and sound military principle that the number of subordinate commands which can be controlled efficiently by a superior command is limited. In this case the desirable limit would be exceeded. Apart from the question of distance, apart from that of the different and but slightly connected problems to be faced, the inclusion of Greece and Turkey would overload and overweight General Eisenhower's headquarters. As I have pointed out often enough, there is a grave tendency nowadays to build up controlling organisations which by sheer size and complexity reduce their own efficiency and render themselves inelastic, if not incapable of prompt decision and action. If it resulted only in waste, that would be serious enough, but this is not the worst of its maleficent effects. It creates a sort of paralysis. It divides organisations into a multiplicity of swollen departments, which duplicate and triplicate each others' work, which are unaware of each others' activities, and which sometimes cancel them.

The proposal is the more unfortunate because there already exists in the Eastern Mediterranean and the Middle East a first-class British organisation of control and co-ordination. Our Middle East organ of command is fully acquainted with the strategy and politics of the region, with its resources, its rivalries, and its problems of every kind. From the Middle East in the last war we conducted a series of campaigns and exercised a series of controls which were an essential prerequisite to victory. We received generous support from the United States which we shall never forget. At the same time, we may be forgiven if we recall that the United States military authorities were very doubtful about the wisdom of the course which we pursued with so much patience and in face of so much adversity, that in fact at one period they strongly urged us to desist from this course and even to pull out of the Middle East altogether. To our good fortune and that of the common cause, we rejected this unhappy advice. American military thought and method are in many respects superior to our own. They adapt themselves quicker and more thoroughly to changing circumstances and make better use of experience. Yet the Americans are more prone than we are to start off on the wrong foot and are more impulsive. If they make excellent

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD. THE DEFENCE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN.

By CYRIL FALLS,

Chichele Professor of the History of War, Oxford.

employment of the knowledge which they acquire, they often buy it too dearly. In the Middle East, British familiarity with the ground makes British advice worthy of careful attention.

I suggest that the correct structure for the command of the Eastern Mediterranean would be a British Middle East Command, and that it should be independent of that of General Eisenhower. The Middle East nations might, it is true, from one point of view prefer that it should not be, because they think there is more to be got out of the United States and, indeed, that country might be more lavish in the Middle East

in some form. I do not think that either, certainly not Greece, is insistent upon the form. What they do desire is, first, to link themselves together, to co-ordinate their own defence in the air and on the water, and, of course, where Europe is concerned, on the land. Secondly, they desire to enter a treaty with the Western nations which would afford them adequate guarantees, in return for which

they are prepared to undertake responsibilities on their side. Their present situation is a curious one from the political point of view. Turkey is linked to both Britain and France by a pre-war treaty which must be valid because it has not been abrogated, but which perhaps needs to be put into new form and which, in any case, does not include the United States. Greece has no treaty with any of these three Powers. Unilateral guarantees were given her by Britain and France in April, 1939, but again in different circumstances and with a different danger in view. She also manifestly requires something more, and cannot rest content with what she has.

I have already suggested that it would be convenient to keep the Middle East Command outside the North Atlantic Treaty organisation, to leave it in British hands, and to include both Greece and Turkey in it. I have also hinted that they would be unlikely to raise strong objections to such an arrangement, provided that they received suitable assurances on the subject of the further equipment which they require. Their strategic importance and their military value amount together to a great asset. Turkey may be the principal factor because of her relation to the Caucasus and the Dardanelles and because her forces are the larger, but Greece also covers the Dardanelles, occupies a prominent position on the westward side of the Balkan peninsula, and looks across the Ionian Sea to Italy. Their strength would be greatly increased by a formal alliance, and they might well enter into a particular alliance within the fold of the Middle East Command. There already exist precedents for such an arrangement.

The Turkish Army I do not know. I know something of the Greek and, though perhaps my first-hand knowledge may be limited, second-hand knowledge is not to be despised if the sources appear to be reliable. Both have given me a most favourable impression. The Turks have shown the highest spirit, the most outstanding courage, and the strongest possible discipline in Korea. The Greek contingent there is very much smaller and its achievements may have been less spectacular, but it has done everything demanded of it in such a way as to call for the highest praise from those best qualified to give an opinion. I should be inclined to think that in the higher grades the Turkish Army needs more bringing up to date than the Greek, which has had much experience of modern warfare of all kinds. If this is so, the closer contacts which would be created by a treaty of mutual defence could not fail to be useful to the Turks. The exchange of military intelligence, for example, would certainly become more fruitful, and once again it seems to me that the filter should be in the Middle East, though the essential ore left behind would naturally be shared with the Atlantic Treaty organisation. There exist already difficulties in the military intelligence of this last and its relations with that of the British General Staffs. It would be to add to them to bring Middle East Intelligence into this organisation.

I am not aware to what extent the British Government will maintain the stand which it is certainly making at present for the independence of the Middle East Command. It has given way on the subject of the Southern Group, so far as the command is concerned, and has agreed that this should go to an American admiral, despite British interests and traditions in the Mediterranean. I am not now concerned to criticise this act of sacrifice, which was doubtless thoroughly considered. It has not, that I am aware, up to the time of writing, given way on the subject of the eastern boundary or to the swallowing up of the Middle East Command in the Atlantic Treaty Organisation. I hope it will continue to resist with all the means at its disposal, and the best means are those of effective counter-argument. The case is a strong one from every point of view. I am sure we ought to stand by our opinions, though in the friendliest way. Continual surrender on points of sound principle is never good policy, since the differences of opinion which always arise regarding treaties of defence are never faced on an equality when one side has always surrendered in the past. The surest path to the respect of partners is to be accommodating everywhere where accommodation does not appear a calamity, but where it does to stick to one's point persuasively and courteously but also firmly.



THE DEFENCE OF THE MEDITERRANEAN: A RELIEF MAP OF THE EASTERN PART OF THIS VITAL AREA WHICH HAS BEEN THE SUBJECT OF RECENT LONDON TALKS IN WHICH GENERAL BRADLEY, CHIEF OF THE UNITED STATES JOINT CHIEFS OF STAFF COMMITTEE, TOOK PART.

Although, at the time of writing, there has been no announcement about the structure of Mediterranean defence, this subject is one of such general interest that Captain Falls has devoted his article to it this week. He says that one of the most important issues under discussion is the boundary which has been regarded "temporarily at least, as just taking in Italy, running just outside the heel." Captain Falls discusses the arguments that the Americans are advancing and states his own ideas for the correct structure of the Eastern Mediterranean Command.



THE MAN WHO IS EXPECTED TO BE SUPREME ALLIED NAVAL COMMANDER IN THE MEDITERRANEAN: ADMIRAL ROBERT B. CARNEY, U.S.N., AT PRESENT COMMANDING THE U.S. SECOND TASK FLEET.

if it found itself commanding and controlling its defence. I am not sure that a lavish policy would be desirable, and in all other respects I am convinced that a British Middle East Command would be preferable. It would provide the knowledge of which I have spoken. It would provide a sureness of touch not to be obtained by any other system. It would provide economy in trained staff officers, a very important consideration, because there is already a shortage and because extravagance in setting up these huge and amorphous organisations drains the fighting formations of those whom they so urgently require.

I have spoken of the request of Greece and Turkey for admission to the North Atlantic Treaty organisation. This was made a long time ago, but it is only recently that it appears to have received strong backing from the United States. It is obviously desirable that a decision should be given without undue delay, and equally so that these two States should be bound to the Western nations by a pact

CANADIAN FIGHTING MEN JOIN U.N. FORCES IN KOREA, AND OTHER ASPECTS OF THE WAR.



WELCOMING AND ADDRESSING MEN OF THE CANADIAN ROYAL 22ND REGIMENT: MAJOR-GENERAL A. J. H. CASSELS, G.O.C. BRITISH COMMONWEALTH DIVISION.



FLANDERS MUD—IN KOREA: BRIGADIER J. M. ROCKINGHAM, COMMANDING THE 25TH CANADIAN INFANTRY BRIGADE, WITH MAJOR-GENERAL CASSELS LEAVING AN OPERATIONS VEHICLE.



INSPECTING A POWERFUL RUSSIAN-MADE 57-MM. ANTI-TANK GUN—BELIEVED TO BE THE FIRST OF ITS TYPE CAPTURED FROM THE COMMUNISTS IN KOREA: AMERICAN OFFICERS AND MEN ON THE WEST-CENTRAL FRONT.



THE ALLIED ARTILLERY BARRAGE ON MAY 10: A 155-MM. GUN IN ACTION, SHOWING CORRECTIONS BEING RECEIVED ON A FIELD-TELEPHONE (LEFT) AND CHARGES BEING PREPARED (FOREGROUND).



A FRONT-LINE PHOTOGRAPHIC LABORATORY AND PRESS CENTRE: THE ABANDONED FUSELAGE OF A C-47 TRANSPORT AIRCRAFT CONVERTED INTO COMFORTABLE QUARTERS.

At the time of writing the United Nations forces in Korea have overrun the so-called Communist "iron triangle" and entered Pyongyang at the apex of the zone. The Communists, were reported to be making a mass withdrawal from the central front, but were fighting delaying actions in the eastern area. The photographs on this page add colour to the outlines of these reports, which are sent out to the world by Press correspondents from offices improvised near the front line, such as the abandoned fuselage of a transport



THE MODERN ART OF WAR: A SURREALISTIC SCENE, SHOWING A DAMAGED M-26 TANK, SCATTERED MACHINE-GUN AMMUNITION AND A STEEL HELMET.

aircraft. The 25th Canadian Infantry Brigade group, comprising among its units the 2nd Battalion, The Royal Canadian Regiment; the Royal 22nd Regiment; the 2nd Canadian Field Regiment and Royal Canadian Horse Artillery, arrived in Korea early in May to join the 2nd Battalion, Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry. The Brigade, commanded by Brigadier J. M. Rockingham, is serving with the British Commonwealth Division, whose G.O.C. is Major-General A. J. H. Cassels.



SHOWING THE SCALE MODELS OF AIRCRAFT, INCLUDING A HELICOPTER, OMNIBUSES AND THE CONTROL BUILDING: BEKONSCOT AIRPORT, AND AN INTERESTED VISITOR.



A CLOSE-UP OF THE CHILDREN'S CONVALESCENT HOME: THE SIX- AND SEVEN-YEAR-OLD BOY AND GIRL IN THE PHOTOGRAPH INDICATE THE SCALE—1 IN. TO THE FOOT.



BEKONSCOT'S OWN FESTIVAL YEAR FUN FAIR: A VIEW SHOWING THE SWING-BOATS, GREAT WHEEL, MERRY-GO-ROUND, AND SO FORTH, WITH TWO CHILDREN ADMIRING THEM.

GULLIVER'S TOWN AT BEACONSFIELD: THE

Bekonscot, the model village at Beaconsfield, which might well be the capital of Lilliput, which Gulliver visited on his travels, was opened in 1929, and is one of the sights of Buckinghamshire. It is perfect in every detail, correctly built to the scale of 1 in. per foot, and can boast an elaborate railway system, a harbour, an airport, convalescent home for children, a village green where a cricket match is continually in progress, and a really wonderful



MARYLOO STATION WITH A YOUTHFUL "CHECKER" AT WORK TIMING THE TRAINS DURING AN AFTERNOON'S RUNNING THEY COVER SOME SIXTY MILES.



SOUTHPOOL DOCK, BEKONSCOT, WITH SHIPPING TIED UP AT THE PIERS: AN ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD "EXPERT" MEMBER OF THE STAFF IS INSPECTING THE STEAMSHIPS.

WORLD-FAMOUS "BEKONSCOT," COMPLETE WITH

fairground where merry-go-rounds, swing-boats, a great wheel, a houp-là and other fun-fair entertainments may be enjoyed—in miniature. Bekonscot started as a decoration for a rock-garden, and gradually grew. The name is a composite of Beaconsfield and Ascot, the home towns of the owner and the man who planned the original railway. Bekonscot moves with the times, as its airport shows, and television masts are now beginning to sprout from the



A TRADITIONALLY ENGLISH SUMMER SCENE: TWO YOUNG VISITORS TO BEKONSCOT WATCHING A CRICKET MATCH IN PROGRESS ON THE VILLAGE GREEN.



WITH A MOWING MACHINE SLIGHTLY OUT OF SCALE; THE EPCOT RACECOURSE DURING A MEETING. A PARADE OF RUNNERS IS IN PROGRESS, SPECTATORS ARE ASSEMBLED IN THE ENCLOSURES, AND (LEFT) A POLICEMAN IS CHASING A WELSHING BOOKIE.

FUN FAIR AND ALL MODERN AMENITIES, WHICH WAS RECENTLY "REPRIEVED" FROM CLOSURE.

roofs of its houses. The rolling-stock on its electrically-run railway system is constantly brought up-to-date, and the entire system has to be replaced bit by bit every four years, owing to wearing-down and weather action. Indeed, the maintenance of Bekonscot—which has a population of some 1200 figures of men and animals—means hard work for the staff of seven permanent and six part-time gardeners, engineers, machinists and artists. The conifer-trees,

which number some 6500, tend to grow too large after a year or two and have to be replaced. Royal personages have visited Bekonscot; and £30,000 has been raised for charities through the admission fees. In March this year an enforcement notice ordering the closure of the miniature village on the grounds that it contravened planning regulations and was detrimental to the local residential amenities was quashed by Beaconsfield magistrates.



EVERY EYE INTENT ON THE FINISH OF THE FESTIVAL ROYAL ASCOT GOLD CUP: HER MAJESTY, PRINCESS ELIZABETH AND GUESTS IN THE ROYAL BOX, AND THE CROWD IN THE ENCLOSURE.

The setting for Royal Ascot has never looked better than it did in Festival year. The stands had been repainted, the flowers were exceptionally beautiful, and the Golden Gates through which the Royal procession passes before its drive down the course had been regilded for the first time since King Edward's death. Everyone regretted that the King could not attend, but the Queen, the Princesses

and other members of the Royal Family came each day with guests from Windsor Castle. The Royal Enclosure was packed with men in grey topers, and though the weather was not as brilliant as dress designers expect it to be at the Royal meeting, the fashion display was up to standard. As usual, the racing produced surprises, but *Chinese Cracker*, *Bob Cherry*, *Bob Major* and *Supreme Court* were

favourites who came home. To the general regret, Mr. Churchill's *Colonist II*, was beaten into second place in the Gold Cup by the French outsider, *Pan II*, with *Alister* third and the King's filly, *Along Board*, fourth. It was a fine race, and our photograph gives some idea of the concentration with which it was watched from the Royal Box and Enclosure. The Queen is in the centre of the Royal Box, with

Princess Elizabeth behind, holding out her race-card. The Duke of Gloucester is behind the Princess; and (l. to r.) behind him are the Duchess of Beaufort, Princess Alice, the Earl of Athlone and the Duke of Beaufort. *Colonist II*, ran well and looked like the winner, but Poincelot on *Pan II*, made a well-timed last-minute run to pass the post first.

A NEWLY DISCOVERED BRONZE CULTURE FROM THE SHORES OF LAKE CHAD.

About eighteen months ago—in our issue of December 17, 1949—we published photographs of some remarkable terracotta human figurines discovered for the most part in the necropolis of Tago, in French Equatorial Africa, near Lake Chad, by M. Jean-Paul Lebeuf and his wife, Mme. Annie Masson Detourbet. These terracottas were the work of a somewhat enigmatic people called the Sao, who inhabited this region from about the tenth to sixteenth centuries. Among the pieces we illustrated, however, was a bronze lozenge-shaped pendant which they discovered in the necropolis of Midigué, another Sao site. During the last year M. and Mme. Lebeuf have been continuing their work at Midigué, and in their excavations in the necropolis there (Fig. 6) they have discovered, beside many terracottas, a great number of bronze pieces, some of which we illustrate and concerning which they write: [Continued below.]



FIG. 1. AMONG THE MOST ENGAGING OF THE NUMEROUS BRONZE OBJECTS OF THE TENTH TO SIXTEENTH CENTURIES RECENTLY DISCOVERED NEAR LAKE CHAD, IN FRENCH EQUATORIAL AFRICA: THREE FIGURINES OF DUCKS, REPRODUCED NATURAL SIZE. [Photo., Sougez.]

[Continued.] funerary urns, of which they were the principal furniture. These bronzes, when considered with other similar bronzes discovered in the work of previous seasons, form a body of work whose diversity alone serves as a testimony to the virtuosity of the ancient bronze-workers. The remains of abandoned castings found at several archaeological sites have also proved that it was the Sao who cast this extraordinary collection, or, at least, a part of it. The collection includes necklets, hundreds of bracelets (Figs. 2, 4, 5, 13) and linking rings, ear-clips, buttons, a pin, and what may be a decorated stud, lip ornaments, an admirable series of pendants (Fig. 7), a phylactery (Fig. 9), a libation bowl (Fig. 12), a large pectoral (Fig. 10), and some heavy objects (Figs. 8 and 11), which probably served some ritual purpose. The pendants and the models of animals form a charming group of very small objects in which a gazelle's head with long, ringed and sweeping horns (Fig. 3), a nine-branched pendant, ducks in varying poses (Fig. 1), two crocodiles and a lozenge-shaped plaque are the most attractive. They are cast in the *cire-perdue* technique and show a great mastery [Continued below.]



FIG. 2. HUNDREDS OF BRONZE BRACELETS AND RINGS WERE FOUND IN THE MIDIGUÉ NECROPOLIS: A TYPICAL EXAMPLE. NATURAL SIZE. [Photo., Musée de l'Homme.]

[Continued.]

THE excavations in the ancient Sao country—which corresponds with the delta where the River Shari enters Lake Chad—were begun in 1936, continued in 1937, 1947 and 1948, and have now been resumed in 1949 and 1950 in the course of a fourth expedition (the Chad-Bourkou Mission). The new excavations in the necropolises of Midigué, in the Territory of Chad, have yielded, besides a great quantity of terracottas (human representations, urns, vases, weights for nets, pierced disks, toys, and the like), a great number of objects in bronze. These were, for the most part, found in [Continued above, right.]



FIG. 5. ANOTHER BRONZE BRACELET FROM MIDIGUÉ, WITH TYPICAL SPIRAL ORNAMENT: CAST BY THE *CIRE-PERDUE* PROCESS. LESS THAN NATURAL SIZE.



FIG. 3. A DELIGHTFUL FIGURINE WHICH COULD WELL BE NUBIAN: A GAZELLE HEAD WITH RINGED AND SWEEPING HORNS, FROM MIDIGUÉ. REPRODUCED NATURAL SIZE. [Photo., Sougez.]



FIG. 6. EXCAVATING THE SOURCE OF THE MAJORITY OF THE CHAD BRONZES: WORK AMONG THE FUNERARY URNS IN THE MIDIGUÉ NECROPOLIS. [Photo., J.-P. Lebeuf.]



FIG. 4. A BRONZE BRACELET ON A CORE OF TERRACOTTA, FROM SAO, IN THE NORTH CAMEROONS. REPRODUCTION SLIGHTLY REDUCED. [Photo., Musée de l'Homme.]

[Continued.]

of modelling, comparable with that shown in the pottery, and a complete knowledge of the technique of bronze; and one can say that they rate among the most delicate bronzes (and works in copper) of all Black Africa. Although the former use of many of these ornaments is forgotten in the majority of the villages where the Kotoko, the descendants of the Sao, now live, there are some women, however, who still wear ornaments comparable with those which can be found in the old Sao sites; and it is still said at Woulki and Makari that the Sao used to possess similar objects to protect themselves against the little men of the forest who, by means of magic spells, used to lead astray those humans who came too near their dwelling-places. One of the [Continued opposite.]



FIG. 7. A BRONZE PENDANT WHICH MAY HAVE BEEN A CHARM AGAINST "THE LITTLE MEN OF THE FOREST." THE PLAIT IS A COMMON MOTIF. TWICE NATURAL SIZE. [Photo., Sougez.]

ART OF THE ANCIENT SAO: AFRICAN BRONZES OF THE 10TH TO 16TH CENTURIES.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 8. AN ENIGMATIC RITUAL OBJECT IN BRONZE FROM THE MIDIGUÉ NECROPOLIS, PERHAPS A SYMBOL OF OFFICE. COMPARE FIG. 11. SLIGHTLY REDUCED FROM NATURAL SIZE.
Photo., Sougez.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 9. A BRONZE PHYLACTERY FROM NGALA, NIGERIA. REPRODUCED NATURAL SIZE.
Photo., Musée de l'Homme.



(RIGHT.) FIG. 10. THE MOST REMARKABLE OF THE BRONZES DISCOVERED AT MIDIGUÉ: THE FRAGMENT OF AN ELABORATE PECTORAL. ABOUT 17 INS. HIGH.
Photo., Sougez.



(LEFT.) FIG. 11. ANOTHER BRONZE RITUAL OBJECT LIKE THAT SHOWN IN FIG. 8. BOTH BEAR TYPICAL PLAID AND SPIRAL MOTIFS. THE DIAMETER OF THIS EXAMPLE IS ABOUT 8 INS.
Photo., Musée de l'Homme.



(ABOVE.) FIG. 12. A BRONZE LIBATION BOWL FOUND AT MIDIGUÉ, SIMILAR TO THAT STILL USED IN THE REGALIA OF THE SULTAN OF GOULFEIL. LESS THAN NATURAL SIZE. [Photo., Sougez.]

Continued.
pendants, of an elongated form and resembling an open fruit, recalls exactly the ornament which hangs on the breast of many of the statues discovered in the Tago sanctuary, and one of the Midigué necklets is like that worn by many of the figurines. Comparison should also be made with the necklet which is still assumed on his enthronement day by the Sultan of Goulfeil, a neighbouring town which was an ancient Sao city. Moreover, the oval libation bowl (Fig. 12) is of the same kind as the dish in the regalia preserved in Goulfeil. As for the heavy ring-like objects (Figs. 8 and 11), it would seem that these were ritual objects or symbols of certain offices. The pectoral (Fig. 10) is an elegant though elaborate ornament, carrying three flanges—three or four are missing—which widen at the end and which spring from a plaque. This plaque, which is decorated with the

[Continued opposite.]



(RIGHT.) FIG. 13. A SERIES OF BRONZE BRACELETS WHICH, LIKE FIG. 8, COME FROM A NECROPOLIS AT SAO, IN THE NORTH CAMEROONS. THE PHOTOGRAPH IS SOMEWHAT REDUCED IN SIZE. [Photo., Musée de l'Homme.]

Continued.
wavy lines which are frequent in the ceramics, ends at the side in a plait (another frequent motif) and a double spiral. These latter motifs are found throughout the group of bronzes; they decorate the animal figurines, cover the edge of the ritual rings, surround the rim of the libation cup and support the lozenge-shaped pendant. As for the problem of the origin of this bronze art, which has no apparent link with Benin and of which certain motifs, like the single and double spiral, are found even on objects from Ashanti—this still remains a complete problem. It would still seem, however, that we must look eastwards for ancient parallels, especially bearing in mind the opinion of Marcel Mauss on the Midigué gazelle head (Fig. 3), which he declared could well be Nubian. But conclusive evidence can only come from further discoveries which may yet be made, near Chad or to the east of the great lake.



IN AN ENGLISH GARDEN.

MOST lovers of flowers will remember the period during the war when the Ministry of War Transport put a complete embargo on the sending of flowers and

HOSPITAL FLOWERS.

By CLARENCE ELLIOTT.

glorious bloom. In the interests of posterity, I would have felt compelled to leave it in the hope of its setting seed. To have it cut and

brought was another matter. It gave me immense pleasure, and caused astonishment amongst all around.

Two days ago there came out of the blue, or, to be precise from the Waterperry Horticultural College, a most enchanting gift. In a chip-basket rested two stout little bunches of mixed flowers, all cut with stems about 5 and 6 ins. long. Beneath the flowers was a punnet of strawberries, each a dead-ripe, hand-picked, super-duper specimen of the Waterperry strain of Royal Sovereign. I had seen similar strawberries in the Waterperry exhibit at Chelsea, and had seldom been so near a smash-and-grab! The flowers would have been difficult to arrange but for a 3-in.-deep bowl which was found. In this they stand in complete and brilliant mixture. And what a mixture! There must be quite fifty or sixty distinct species and varieties, mostly, but by no means all, Alpines, including such treasures as *Omphalodes luciliae*, *Anemone magellanica*, and *A. pulsatilla*, some of the choicer hybrid rock penstemons, *Anchusa caespitosa*—what a blue!—*Rosa hugonis*, and the strange Mediterranean lavender, *Lavendula stoechas*.

From my home came flower-heads of an *Antennaria* which said much to me. At about this time, two summers ago, I was collecting at the Col de Lautaret, in the Dauphiné Alps. There I found and collected a form of *Antennaria dioica*, which struck me as distinct and desirable. The clusters of little velvet pads that form the flower-heads were a bright crimson with white centres. Usually they are either all white or all pink. Last summer my *Antennaria* did not flower in character. It was good, therefore, to see it flowering just as it was up on that wonderful flowered col, and now promising to be a good garden plant.

In the hospital garden I have had leisure to study the Oxford Groundsel, for much building has been going on recently, and there are many heaps of gravel, rubble and builder's trash, which are just what *Senecio squalidus* likes. But why was it named "squalidus"? Far

from being a squalid weed, it is an extremely handsome plant. But it's a plant with peculiar tastes and habits. First brought to this country from the cinder slopes of Mount Etna, it was planted in a bed in the Oxford Botanic Gardens. That was many years ago. Preferring a starvation diet to one of full fat loam, *Senecio squalidus* soon escaped from its flower-bed, by seeding on to the old walls of Oxford, in the austerity of whose crevices and mellow rubble it flourished exceedingly. Then seeds found their way from the walls of Oxford to the permanent way of the Great Western Railway. The very stony and ashy nature of this suited *Senecio* to perfection, and before many years had passed, the plant was spreading fast in every direction. In London the Oxford Groundsel is, of course, a familiar sight. After the blitz it colonised all over the bombed sites, lacing them with its panicles of handsome golden blossoms. The plant grows anything from a couple

of inches high to a couple of feet, according to the foothold the seed finds. So gay is it in this hospital garden that I cannot help wondering whether it will not eventually become a recognised garden plant. Its quickest road to such a status would be to become difficult to cultivate. A better way would be to develop rather larger flowers of a richer orange gold, carried on perhaps dwarfier, bushier plants. Even as it is, it is a handsomer thing than many rare exotics which folk struggle to please. If you want to please the Oxford Groundsel, give it ashes, and more ashes, the poorer the better.



"THE MOST SENSATIONAL FLOWER THAT I HAVE HAD CAME FROM MY OWN GARDEN—A SINGLE BLOSSOM OF *Paeonia suffruticosa*. IT MEASURED OVER TEN INCHES ACROSS. EACH WHITE PETAL HAD A HANDSOME FEATHER-EDGED CRIMSON BLOTCH AT ITS BASE, AND IT WAS ROSE-SCENTED." [Photograph by J. E. Downward.]



THE OXFORD GROUNSEL, OR OXFORD RAGWORT: *Senecio squalidus*. A TYPICAL LONDON BOMB-SITE SPECIMEN—FROM BOND STREET. "BUT WHY WAS IT NAMED 'SQUALIDUS'? FAR FROM BEING A SQUALID WEED, IT IS AN EXTREMELY HANDSOME PLANT."

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Canada	5 0 0	2 12 0	2 8 9
Elsewhere Abroad	5 5 0	2 14 3	2 11 0

plants by rail, or by normal road transport. To get round the difficulty to a certain extent, a few relay cycle road-services were organised to bring cut flowers into London from country growers. Enterprising and resourceful though this plan was, it cannot have amounted to much, yet it was astonishing how gay the street barrows and flower-stalls managed to keep. It is easy enough to prohibit flowers, but it's well-nigh impossible to prevent the English getting them. There was a story current at that time of a coffin which arrived at Paddington Station from the West Country, and was conveyed—to Covent Garden flower market. Quite suddenly, the embargo was lifted. There was some speculation at the time as to what led to the change. The best explanation that I heard, the most probable and characteristic, was that Mr. Winston Churchill was gravely ill. Flowers arrived at his bedside, home-grown by friends, and he realised then, for the first time, how immensely valuable flowers are in the sick-room. He realised, too, no doubt, that not every sick person had friends with home-grown flowers which they could bring. Definite, imperative orders were given for the immediate lifting of the flower embargo. That is the story as I heard it, and I like to believe that it's true. Certainly it bears the stamp of truth.

During the past ten days I have been in hospital, and so have taken rather a special interest in bedside flowers. I arrived without any but, to my immense pleasure, I found a box of lily-of-the-valley awaiting me, sent by a good friend, and all as stiff and fresh and fragrant as could be. It was not long before I discovered that flower-vases for bedside flowers are often a difficult problem in hospital. At the beginning I took the view that anyone sending flowers to a friend in hospital would do well to send a vase to put them in. To do the thing properly, however, an extra bedside-table might be sent on which to stand the vase. At the same time, a scrap of extra floor space on which to put the table might be included. Bedside-table space is precious and scarce. Sisters and nurses must have somewhere to put their little enamel basins, trays of dressings, scissors and the rest. Too many vases of flowers are not popular in hospital. A good, practical solution of the vase and standing-room problem would be a hanging wall-vase. But it would have to have some means of support which would meet Authority's approval. There could be no question of nails. Perhaps a rubber suction fastening might be allowed. The best plan of all, perhaps, would be to bring one's own vases, a medium size and a small, no more than two, unless you are to inhabit a luxury private ward. Having brought your own vases, don't hesitate to leave them behind for the benefit of future patients.

The most sensational flower that I have had came from my own garden—a single blossom of *Paeonia suffruticosa*. It measured over ten inches across. Each white petal had a handsome feather-edged crimson blotch at its base, and it was rose-scented. Said to be the original ancestor of all the Chinese hybrid tree-paeonies, the species is a comparative newcomer, and therefore still rare. At home, I would not have cut this

DUE TO COME UNDER THE HAMMER NEXT WEEK:
PIECES FROM THE HAREWOOD COLLECTION.



BY MARTIN CARLIN, M.E.: A FINE LOUIS XVI. MAHOGANY CONSOLE TABLE WITH SEVRES PORCELAIN PLAQUES. THIS OUTSTANDING PIECE WAS SHOWN AT THE EXHIBITION OF FRENCH ART, ROYAL ACADEMY, 1932.



BY JEAN-HENRI RIESENER: A LOUIS XV. PARQUETRY BUREAU À CYLINDRE. THE PANELS TO THE TOP, BACK AND SIDES ARE INLAID WITH A CUBE DESIGN.



PROBABLY BY ADAM WEISWEILER: A LOUIS XVI. UPRIGHT SECRETAIRE WITH SEVRES PORCELAIN PLAQUES.



"TROPICAL LANDSCAPE"; BY FRANS JANSZ POST (1612-1680), THE DUTCH ARTIST WHO ACCOMPANIED COUNT MAURICE OF NASSAU TO THE WEST INDIES AND SOUTH AMERICA.



AN IMPORTANT REGENCY ROSEWOOD WRITING-TABLE, THE TOP SLIGHTLY BOWED AT EACH SIDE, WITH RED LEATHER-COVERED TOP: ONE OF A PAIR.



BY BENJAMIN SMITH, 1824: TWO OF A SET OF FOUR WINE-COOLERS BEARING THE ARMS OF DE BURGH, IMPALING CANNING FOR ULICK, FIRST MARQUESS OF CLANRICARDE.

The fine examples of French and English furniture, the silver wine-coolers and the painting which we reproduce are to be included in the forthcoming sales at Christie's on June 27, 28 and 29, when objects from Harewood House, Leeds, are to come under the hammer by order of the Princess Royal, the Earl of Harewood and the executors of the late Earl of Harewood. The furniture includes some outstanding pieces. In Seymour de Ricci's book, "Louis XVI. Furniture," pieces similar to the secretaire with Sevres porcelain plaques painted in colour

with hanging baskets of flowers and bouquets of flowers, and to the *bureau d cylindre* by J. H. Reisener, are illustrated. The silver for the most part bears the arms or crest of the Clanricarde, Canning or Selsey families, and came by inheritance to the late Earl of Harewood from the last Marquess of Clanricarde. The "Tropical Landscape," which is to be sold with other pictures on June 29, is by Post, that very interesting Dutch artist who accompanied Count Maurice of Nassau to the West Indies and South America.

PYRETHRUM PRODUCTION IN KENYA: A VALUABLE INSECTICIDE NOW BEING PUT TO NEW USES.



ENDEAVOURING TO PROTECT A PYRETHRUM PLANT AGAINST THE BUD DISEASE *RAMULARIA*:
A PLANT BEING SPRAYED AT THE EXPERIMENTAL STATION AT MOLO IN KENYA.



CARRYING OUT ONE OF THE PERIODICAL WEEDINGS OF THE CROP: A SCENE AT MOLO.
DURING THE WAR PYRETHRUM WAS KENYA'S MOST VALUABLE INDIVIDUAL EXPORT.



WATERING TEST PLANTS AT MOLO EXPERIMENTAL STATION. THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
IS DEVELOPING IMPROVED STRAINS OF THE PLANT WITH A HIGHER PYRETHRIN CONTENT.



PREPARING TO WEIGH THE PYRETHRUM FLOWERS FROM HIS PAPER BAG: A PICKER AT
MOLO. THE SCALES ARE IN A WOODEN BOX TO PREVENT INTERFERENCE FROM THE WIND.



TRYING TO DETERMINE THE SPACING WHICH GIVES THE HIGHEST RETURN PER ACRE:
LINES OF PYRETHRUM PLANTS AT THE MOLO EXPERIMENTAL STATION.

For nearly a hundred years it has been known that pyrethrum, *Chrysanthemum cinerariifolium*, belonging to the genus *Chrysanthemum*, contains substances toxic to insects. At one time the flowers were grown mainly in Dalmatia and Japan, but in 1928 the plant was introduced into Kenya Colony, East Africa, and was found to yield a higher percentage of pyrethrins (the insecticidal properties of pyrethrum) than the Dalmatian and Japanese products. High-grade pyrethrum is also produced in Tanganyika and the Belgian Congo, and

these three countries are now the chief exporters of the flowers. Although pyrethrum has proved successful in the control of a large number of household, livestock and horticultural pests, it is fairly costly to produce; partly for this reason it has been replaced for many purposes by the cheaper synthetics, which control a number of pests equally well or better. It is still the most valuable insecticide, however, where a quick "knockdown" is required, and as the result of newly tested uses, and the support given to them by Colonial Office scientific

[Continued opposite.]



WEEDING A FIELD OF PYRETHRUM WITH HAND-HOES: NATIVES WORKING AT MOLO. THE PLANT WAS INTRODUCED INTO KENYA COLONY, EAST AFRICA, IN 1928.

FLOWER HEADS THAT BRING SUDDEN DEATH:
PYRETHRUM, AN INSECTICIDE, PRODUCED IN KENYA.



GATHERING PYRETHRUM BLOSSOMS: THE TOXIC SUBSTANCES ARE CONCENTRATED IN THE FLOWER HEADS, BY FAR THE GREATER AMOUNT BEING LOCATED IN THE ACHENES.



GATHERING IN THE HARVEST OF FLOWERS: A NATIVE WORKER EMPTYING A BAG OF BLOOMS ON TO A SIEVE READY FOR WEIGHING.

Continued. advisers, Kenya pyrethrum-growers have been considerably encouraged. It has been found that there is an important new use for pyrethrum insecticides as a protection for stored foodstuffs. Tests have shown that if pyrethrum is mixed in stored grain not directly exposed to light and air, it will afford protection against weevils for eight months. The superiority of pyrethrum as an insecticide lies not only in its quick "knockdown" value—it produces practically instantaneous



THE WHITE, DAISY-LIKE FLOWERS FROM WHICH VALUABLE INSECTICIDES ARE MANUFACTURED: PYRETHRUM BLOOMS, A VALUABLE DOLLAR-EARNING COMMODITY.

paralysis in insects—but the pyrethrins are practically non-toxic to warm-blooded animals at the dilutions in which they are normally used. In this respect it has advantages over modern insecticides such as D.D.T., which have great lethal value but are likely to be dangerous if absorbed in any quantity by domestic animals or human beings. Our photographs on these pages show stages in the cultivation of pyrethrum at the Experimental Station at Molo, in Kenya.

The World of the Theatre.

AMONG THE MYSTERIES.

By J. C. TREWIN.

"MYSTERY" is a word sadly rubbed by time.

To-day, I fear, it is used as a convenient headline term for any kind of puzzle, or else as a synonym for a spot-the-murderer drama, something from the Crime-does-pay school. We forget its deeper religious significance which remains with us in the Mystery Plays of the Middle Ages, or its old secondary usage in the sense of handicraft, profession, an "art and mystery." This appears in "Measure for Measure," when the executioner Abhorson says of Pompey, who is appointed as his assistant: "Fie upon him! He will discredit our mystery!" And I remember a Stratford-upon-Avon Othello who chose to ignore the obvious meaning when he exclaimed: "Your mystery, your mystery; nay, dispatch," to Emilia in the fourth act. Here he gazed into her eyes—probably taking a hint from a previous speech to Desdemona—as if he sought to divine the puzzle behind them. But it is surely plain that Othello means "mystery" in the sense of occupation: "Some of your function, mistress." To look further is to be super-subtle.

My most recent theatrical fortnight has been full of mysteries in every sense. Thus, in the open air at York on one of the loveliest nights of June, serene and unclouded, I heard the York Mystery Plays, the great cycle of Man's creation, fall and redemption, that was once acted about the streets of the mediæval city by the craft-guildsmen. Martin Browne's presentation of the Mysteries as a composite play, on the turf before the ruined north wall of the nave of St. Mary's Abbey (with Heaven in its clerestory windows), must rank for me with the St. James's "Antony and Cleopatra" as one of the master-works of the Festival of Britain. I hope, now it has been rediscovered for the stage, that the Cycle will return year by year to adorn the "capital city" of the North, of which Humbert Wolfe wrote when he apostrophised London:

York was a capital city
When you were a nameless stew—
And therefore the heart has pity,
Dear London town, for you.

The Mysteries had not been acted since 1572. It is clear that their author, or authors, had a powerful dramatic sense. The verse keeps for the most part a beautiful simplicity (as in the Adoration by the Shepherds), but it can also be eloquent indeed, or fierce with a mediæval ferocity. Yorkshire amateurs, with a few professionals at their head, spoke without finicking elaboration. They had as their guide E. Martin Browne, who knows more of this kind of production than any one working on our stage. If I can link to the other meaning of the word, it is a mystery to me why the plays have not been revived earlier. I am happy now to have seen them for the first time before the Abbey wall; to have known the wonder of that moment when God the Father, in the last radiance of Judgment Day, is set upon high, Christ on His right hand and the archangels and angels round about.

That is one kind of Mystery. Four nights later I met the word, in its modern usage, at the Fortune Theatre, where Agatha Christie's play, "The Hollow," held an audience that might have been expected to scoff at a puzzle-piece, a voice from the past. This happens to be a crafty puzzle: Mrs. Christie may postpone her murder—unwisely, I feel—until the beginning of the second act, but she also delays her solution until the very end of the play, and to the end her listeners stay rapt.

The word "hollow" reminds me inevitably of Bunthorne's poem in "Patience," which is called, with majestic repetition, "Oh, Hollow! Hollow! Hollow!" Patience asks unguardedly, "Is it a hunting song?" and Bunthorne replies in some indignation that it is the wail of the poet's heart



A PORTIC DRAMA WHICH IS CONCERNED WITH THE CONFLICT BETWEEN FOUR PRISONERS OF WAR: "A SLEEP OF PRISONERS," BY CHRISTOPHER FRY, WHICH IS BEING PRESENTED IN DIFFERENT CHURCHES THIS SUMMER: A SCENE FROM THE PLAY SHOWING (L. TO R.) PTE. MEADOWS (HUGH PRYSE); CPL. ADAMS (STANLEY BAKER); PTE. ABLE (DENHOLM ELLIOTT); AND PTE. KING (LEONARD WHITE).

Mr. Christopher Fry's new play, "A Sleep of Prisoners," commissioned by The Religious Drama Society for presentation in churches during the Festival of Britain, can be called neither a comedy nor a tragedy; it is sometimes one, sometimes the other, or something between the two. The characters are four prisoners of war, temporarily housed in a church. During June and July the play will be presented in churches in Norwich, Brighton, Eastbourne, Leeds, Bristol, Ipswich and Bury St. Edmunds; returning to St. Thomas's, Regent Street, London, on July 30.



A PLAY IN WHICH THE AUDIENCE IS KEPT GUESSING UNTIL THE DYING MINUTES OF THE THIRD ACT: "THE HOLLOW," BY AGATHA CHRISTIE, AT THE FORTUNE THEATRE—A SCENE FROM THE MURDER MYSTERY SHOWING SIR HENRY (GEORGE THORPE) AND HENRIETTA (BERYL BAXTER) IN THE FIRST ACT.



"IT LOOKS TO ME LIKE A LOBSTER": JEANNE DE CASALIS AS LADY ANGKATRELL IN AGATHA CHRISTIE'S PLAY "THE HOLLOW," IN WHICH SHE PLAYS THE PART OF A VAGUE WOMAN WHO NEVER LETS HER LEFT HAND KNOW WHAT HER RIGHT HAS DONE. MISS DE CASALIS ACTS WITH CHARM AND ASSURANCE.

on discovering that everything is commonplace. Mrs. Christie's play is undeniably a hunting song. There is no need for us to cling passionately to each other and think of faint lilies. Our job is to discover, before the author tells us, who shot the unpleasant doctor, a guest at "The Hollow" (a country-house) for the week-end. The dramatist does not make it easy. Most people want to dispose of the man, and he has come unquestioningly to a house that seems to be like an armoury: it bristles with guns. I held to my own method of bagging the criminal—a method that, in the past, has had fantastically good results—but the shot, alas, went wide. And I think that most of my neighbours were equally bad marksmen.

The main interest of the play, as a piece of writing, is in the mystery; but Mrs. Christie writes quick, speakable dialogue, and, gleefully, her cast keeps us guessing until the dying minutes of the third act. In the circumstances, I can report only that Jeanne de Casalis—as a vague woman who never lets her left hand know what her right has done—Beryl Baxter, Jessica Spencer, Joan Newell, and the others act with charm and assurance. And, for once, Mrs. Christie does not ask us to solve the mystery of a detective, to fathom why so obviously strange a fellow should be down from Scotland Yard. Martin Wyldeck's detective is an Englishman. He is a professional. He has no catch-words, no foibles, no oddities of dress or manner. He merely does his job. It is all very curious and unexpected.

The mystery at the Old Vic is the Falstaff problem. Why did Shakespeare let Sir John shrink to a poor butt ready to be fooled by one that "makes fritters of English"? The fellow who says: "I do begin to perceive that I am made an ass," cannot be the Falstaff of the Boar's Head Tavern. Still, I do not think that anyone need fidget about this. Shakespeare, we must suppose, brushed off the piece in a hurry—there is the old tradition that the Queen wanted to see Falstaff in love—and the farce can stand as a serviceable late-Elizabethan frolic without reference to the chronicles and to Sir John at his golden zenith. Roger Livesey's performance is now as carefree as the farce—he must be the first Falstaff on record to run off with the buck-basket—and, with Peggy Ashcroft and Ursula Jeans as Merry Wives who are not too delighted with their own jokes, and Alec Clunes in Ford's lather of jealousy, the play rushes across the Old Vic stage at a hurtling pace. My main regret that Mr. Livesey lacks something of Falstaff's verbal relish: I missed the sudden gleam of "Sail like my pinnace to those golden shores."

One more mystery, and I am done. What was the

truth of the Gunpowder Plot? At once most of us will recite the Guy Fawkes story. Hugh Ross Williamson has other ideas: his play, called "Gunpowder, Treason and Plot"—I saw it at the Arts Theatre, Ipswich—rests upon the treachery of Lord Montague. It is an absorbing period piece, not over-fussed and written by a dramatist who is also a historian with an original and searching mind. The play should soon find a path to London. I might ask, as a final problem, why the Watergate Theatre produced "The Princess Zoubaroff," but maybe it has its value for collectors, and Ronald Firbank's reputation as a wit does not hang upon this twitter-comedy.

OUR CRITIC'S FIRST-NIGHT JOURNAL.

"THE RIVALS" (Bath).—The Sheffield Repertory Company gallantly brought Sheridan's Bath to Bath itself in the dramatist's bicentenary year. (May 28.)
"GUNPOWDER, TREASON AND PLOT" (Arts, Ipswich).—Hugh Ross Williamson's exciting and plausible stage version of the tale of November 5, 1605. (May 28.)
"TAKING THINGS QUIETLY" (Ambassadors).—A gentle, farcical comedy about a barrister-turned-burglar that faded after ten days. (May 30.)
"THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR" (Old Vic).—Roger Livesey submits with a good grace to Falstaff's humiliations in a brisk Hugh Hunt revival. (May 31.)
"THE YORK MYSTERIES" (York).—E. Martin Browne's production revives the mediæval Mysteries in all their splendour before the ruined north wall of the nave of the Benedictine Abbey. (June 3.)
"SOUNDING BRASS" (Theatre Royal, York).—An able chronicle play of the life of George Hudson, the "railway king" of the 1840s. By a York dramatist, Leslie Burgess. (June 4.)
"HAND IN GLOVE" (New Lindsey).—A wide-eyed, ingenious little comedy, relieved by a few good performances—those, for example, of Tilsa Page, Jill Raymond and Joan Duan. (June 6.)
"THE HOLLOW" (Fortune).—Who shot the doctor? Agatha Christie knows the answer, which—until she tells us—is more than most of us do. (June 7.)
"THE PRINCESS ZOUBAROFF" (Watergate).—Ronald Firbank's conversation-piece. (June 8.)

AIR, LAND, TREETOPS, AND A LOST RELIC:
ASPECTS OF THE ENGLISH SCENE TO-DAY.



THE RAPE OF A HISTORIC TREASURE: THE DIAMOND *CHELENGK*, OR PLUME OF TRIUMPH, IN ITS FORMER POSITION AT THE NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM, IN THE CENTRE OF THE DISPLAY OF NELSON RELICS.



THE EMPTY SHOWCASE WHICH ONCE CONTAINED THE DIAMOND *CHELENGK*, GIVEN TO NELSON BY THE SULTAN AND STOLEN ON JUNE 11; NATIONAL MARITIME MUSEUM ATTENDANTS ARE CLEARING UP THE BROKEN GLASS. On June 11, as reported in our issue of June 16, one of the nation's most cherished treasures, the *Cheleنگ*, or Diamond Plume of Triumph, presented to Nelson by the Sultan of Turkey after the Battle of the Nile, was stolen from its place in the National Maritime Museum, Greenwich. It occupied the central position in the display of Nelson personal relics, standing in a showcase, which was broken by the thief. Other relics shown in our photograph include the musket, waterbottle and scimitar presented by the Sultan; and Nelson's watch and purse, and a tea-set he used.



ONE OF THE LATEST TYPES OF JET FIGHTER: THE VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS *SUPERMARINE* 535, WITH SWEEPED-BACK WINGS AND TAIL SURFACES, POWERED BY A ROLLS-ROYCE JET ENGINE AND DESIGNED TO ACCOMMODATE A RE-HEAT INSTALLATION.



NOW IN PRODUCTION FOR BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS AND OTHER AIRLINES: THE VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS *VISCOUNT* 700, ONE OF THE LATEST TYPE OF AIRLINER, A 40- OR 48-SEAT AIRCRAFT POWERED BY FOUR ROLLS-ROYCE *DART* PROPELLER-TURBINE ENGINES.



THE PRESENTATION OF THE "EDWINA MOUNTBATTEN" MOBILE NURSING VAN BY COUNTESS MOUNTBATTEN TO THE INDIAN MINISTER OF HEALTH: THE CEREMONY AT INDIA HOUSE. The "Edwina Mountbatten" Mobile Nursing Van, presented by Lady Mountbatten to the Indian woman Minister of Health on June 14, is a beautifully-equipped product of the Rootes group (represented at the ceremony by Sir Leslie Williams), designed for use in remote country districts.



A PLEASURABLY SENSATIONAL PROMENADE: A VIEW ON THE TREETOP WALK AT THE BATTERSEA FESTIVAL FUN FAIR, ONE OF THE NEWLY-OPENED ATTRACTIONS. Visitors to the Battersea Fun Fair may now enjoy an unusual experience by strolling along the Treetop Walk, which not only provides a bird's-eye view of the general scene, but also introduces some strange creatures specially created to amuse and surprise those who see them at close range.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



DEER WITH TUSKS.

By MAURICE BURTON, D.Sc.

IN the Lower Mammal Gallery of the British Museum (Natural History) is set out a display of large mammals, large, that is, in a relative sense, ranging from the small dik-diks and servals to moose, buffalo and large brown bears. This is no more than a temporary exhibition in a gallery stripped by blast from a flying bomb, pending its complete reorganisation in the future. The display of stuffed and mounted skins set out in this way gives a ready and easy survey of the mammals from four continents. Moreover, the glass-fronted cases are gone, so that the animals appear more live than usual. It may be that this slightly dynamic quality, due to the absence of intervening glass, stimulates closer observation. At all events, visitors seem to show a keener attention to details. This comes out more particularly in one outstanding instance, for which a number of examples can be quoted, where visitors to the gallery have had their attention caught by two small deer with tusks. Incidentally, of all the interesting exhibits, these were the two that most caught my attention when I walked through the gallery after the display had been first put out. And it has been mildly amusing to find how often the same thing has happened with other people.

The first of these deer is the muntjac (*Muntiacus*), of which various species are spread over south-east Asia, from Java to China. The face is ribbed by long, dark slits marking the position of the face-glands, whence the name rib-faced deer. A third name, the barking-deer, is derived from the sudden, sharp and loud call-note, uttered to express alarm while the animal is hidden in the thick, bushy ravines, its usual habitat. Muntjacs are small, with reddish coats, and live alone or in pairs, and although common in many parts of their range, are seldom seen. Like other bush-living ungulates, they run with the head held low. This, with the low shoulders, which are not more than 2 ft. high, give them an un-deerlike appearance.



REMARKABLE AMONG DEER IN THAT THE MALE POSSESSES BOTH SMALL ANTLERS AND LARGE CANINE TEETH: SCLATER'S MUNTJAC (*MUNTIACUS LACRYMANUS SCLATERI*)—A MOUNTED SPECIMEN IN THE LOWER MAMMAL GALLERY OF THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

Photographs by Neave Parker.

lives in the grassy river valleys of eastern China, is a much smaller though similar animal, about 20 ins. at the shoulder. It lives in long grass, scuttles away when alarmed, and drops flat in the grass for concealment, more like a rabbit than a deer. Its breeding habits are also reminiscent of the same animal for,

unlike the usual deer, it has four or five young at a birth, even six or seven. The Chinese water-deer, in contrast to the muntjacs and tufted-deer, has no antlers at all. The males again have the tusk-like canines—and these are up to 3 ins. long! Like the muntjac, some water-deer introduced into parks in southern England have escaped, and the species is becoming established as a wild, or feral, animal.

Muntiacus, *Elaphodus* and *Hydropotes* give us the kind of series beloved

of the evolutionary morphologist. In deer as a whole, the antlers are well developed, forming large, spreading structures, in some species as much as 5 or 6 ft. long. With decrease in body size, as we pass from one species to another, the size of the antlers diminishes, until in the smallest deer, of which three kinds are here under discussion, the antlers are relatively insignificant. And if we are to judge by these three, as the antlers dwindle and disappear (as in *Hydropotes*), canine teeth appear and increase in size relatively with the diminution

in the size of the antlers, to take their place as offensive weapons. Apparently the canines are used by the males for fighting in the breeding season, when the animals slash at each other with these teeth.

As if to confirm this idea, and to give in addition an example of convergent evolution, there is the musk-deer (*Moschus moschiferus*). Again, a small, solitary deer, 2 ft. high at the shoulders, which are lower than the haunches. It lives in dense cover, in mountainous regions, up to 14,000 ft., in Asia, from Siberia, Korea and the island of Sakhalin southwards to the Himalayas. It, too, has no antlers, but has the 3-in. tusk-like canines. Like the other three tusked deer in general appearance and habits, it has so many other points of difference from them and all other deer that it is placed in a separate sub-family of the deer-family (*Cervidae*). These differences are in some cases deep-seated anatomical characters. For example, no true deer has a gall-bladder. The musk-deer has one. True deer have scent-glands on the face, with special shallows in the skull to lodge them, or in the feet. The musk-deer has neither, but it has an abdominal pod or musk-gland, for which the animal has been hunted, snared or shot, the musk being in large demand in China for medicines and the making of perfumes.

How far these morphological differences carry us in the evolutionary sequence is difficult to say. Whatever may be their significance, however, it is at the least interesting to find tusks, reminiscent of the sabre-toothed tiger; the walrus, and other well-known animals. On the whole, it would seem that Nature merely produces such combinations of characters to make things difficult. And in one case, as in the ancient conundrum, one of these animals "barks like a dog"—to make it more difficult.

To add to the perplexity we find in this same



SHOWING THE BLACK STRIPES DOWN THE FOREHEAD WHICH INDICATE THE POSITION OF THE FRONTAL SCENT-GLANDS AND GIVE THE DEER ITS ALTERNATE NAME OF RIB-FACED DEER: THE HEAD OF A MUNTJAC.

In this photograph the sub-orbital scent-glands and the ribbed markings of the frontal scent-glands are more clearly seen. The muntjac stands 2 ft. high at the shoulder.



DIFFERING FROM THE TRUE DEER IN CERTAIN ANATOMICAL FEATURES AND PLACED IN A SEPARATE SUB-FAMILY: THE MUSK-DEER (*MOSCHUS MOSCHIFERUS*)—THE HEAD OF A MOUNTED SPECIMEN IN THE NATURAL HISTORY MUSEUM.

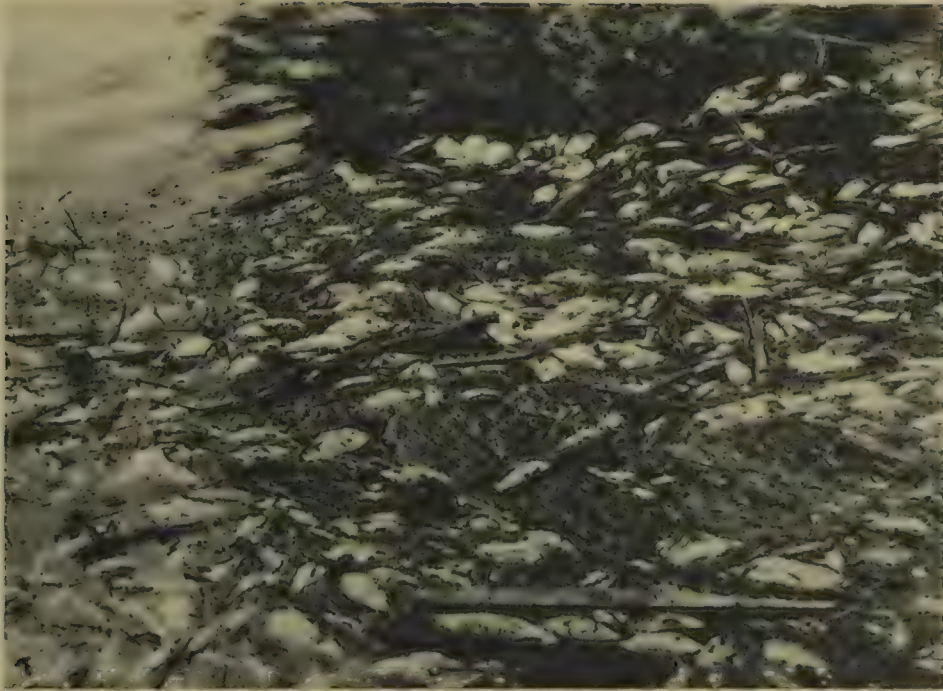
The male of the musk-deer is without antlers but, like the muntjac, has conspicuously enlarged canines. It also is a small species, standing 2 ft. high at the shoulder.

The short, two-tined antlers, borne on relatively long, bony, skin-covered stalks, or pedicles, serve to heighten this atypical appearance; but most remarkable of all are the curved, tusk-like canine teeth possessed by the males, projecting down from the upper jaw. Muntjacs, introduced into parks, have escaped and become feral in parts of southern England, giving rise occasionally to reports of mysterious deer that bark like dogs.

The tufted-deer (*Elaphodus cephalophus*), confined to western China, is not on show. It is closely related

gallery, located between the musk-deer and the muntjac, a small deer about the size of a rabbit. This is the Indian chevrotain (*Tragulus meminna*), one of several species of chevrotains found in southern Asia and equatorial Africa. Male chevrotains also have long canine teeth, and they have no antlers, but, although resembling outwardly the other forms we have discussed, they are only distantly related to them. They belong to the family *Tragulidae*, primitive ruminants in which the stomach has three chambers instead of the usual four.

NEWS EVENTS: MATTERS ZOOLOGICAL, MARITIME, FLORAL AND HISTORIC.



A SAD INTRODUCTION TO THE COARSE FISHING SEASON: DEAD AND DYING FISH FLOATING IN THE RIVER DERWENT AT LONG HORSE BRIDGE ON JUNE 8. Our contributor writes: "During the past week hundreds of dead and dying fish have been seen floating down the River Derwent from above Borrowash. This photograph was taken on June 8 below Wilne and near the mouth of the Derwent, where it enters the River Trent at Long Horse Bridge."



PRESENTED TO THE CANADIAN WAR MUSEUM, OTTAWA, BY LORD DORCHESTER: A COACH USED BY THE FIRST LORD DORCHESTER. This coach was used by the first Lord Dorchester, formerly Sir Guy Carleton, when he was Governor of Quebec (1775-1778, 1786-1796), and has been presented to the Canadian War Museum Ottawa, by the present Lord Dorchester. The coach was built in 1775 and has been overhauled by Messrs. Hooper and Co.



REPOSING IN AN ARTIFICIAL POUCH OF TURKISH TOWELLING: A BABY KANGAROO AT THE BRONX ZOO. This baby kangaroo was born at the Bronx Zoo, New York, in January, and was apparently kicked from its mother's pouch by its twin brother. As it takes several months before the young can even stick their heads out of the pouch, it was necessary to place it in an artificial pouch made from Turkish towelling.



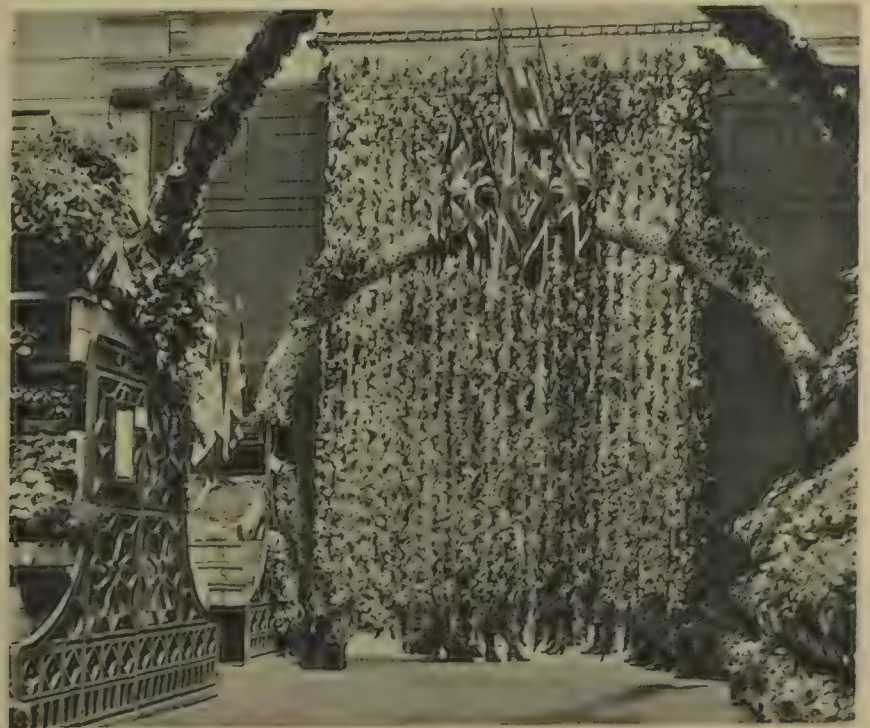
TO SAIL AGAIN—UNDER THE GERMAN FLAG: THE PAMIR BEING TOWED INTO THE TRAVE ESTUARY, LUEBECK. The old sailing-ships *Pamir* and *Passat*, which for many years competed in the grain race from Australia, have been bought by a Hamburg shipowner and after renovation are to carry Finnish timber to Australia under the German flag. Our photograph shows the *Pamir* being towed into the Trave estuary on June 10.



MAKING ITS FIRST PUBLIC APPEARANCE AT THE LONDON ZOO: A TWO-WEEKS-OLD BABY SEA-LION, WITH ITS MOTHER, POSING FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHER AND PERHAPS A LITTLE BEWILDERED BY THE ATTENTION GIVEN TO IT.



THE LAST CRUISE OF THE AMARYLLIS: A VIEW OF THE YACHT BEING TOWED DOWN THE DART TO THE OPEN SEA WHERE SHE WAS SUNK. The 37-ton yawl *Amaryllis*, in which Lieutenant G. H. P. Muhlhauser sailed round the world in 1920-23, was given to the Admiralty on his death for the use of cadets of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth, on the condition that she should be sunk at sea when no longer needed. That day has come and the *Amaryllis* was towed down the Dart on June 12 and sunk in the open sea.



A FEATURE OF THE COVENT GARDEN FLOWER SHOW: THE CURTAIN OF SALMON PINK AND FLAME GLADIOLI, SOME 200 SQ. FT. IN AREA. After Mr. Herbert Morrison had opened the Covent Garden special flower show for the Festival of Britain on June 12, a massive curtain of gladioli moved aside to admit hundreds of people to the flower market, which was transformed for the occasion with floral arches made of more than 50,000 blooms. The festivity included outdoor sports.



A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. A DISTINGUISHED MIXED OCCASION.

By FRANK DAVIS.

A YOUNG and active man, with the aid of a pair of roller-skates, and provided with a month's holiday, could probably give the exhibitions of various types of art now to be enjoyed in London the attention they deserve, for it is pretty clear from descriptions and photographs that no such display in both public and private galleries has been seen for half a generation. The rest of us snatch at what opportunities we can and consider ourselves fortunate if we progress more than a few yards up Bond Street in a single afternoon, marvelling that so many admirable things have been gathered together, when all the time it is being dinned into our ears that this country is being rapidly denuded of its works of art.

Of many furniture shows I have been able to look in at only one, an annual affair at Frank Partridge and Sons, at which the illustrated catalogue is sold in aid of the National Playing Fields Association. Last year I had something to say about a few out-of-the-ordinary pieces of English walnut in these galleries. There is some walnut in the present exhibition, including a William and Mary long-case clock by John Preston, London, which is an excellent example of the use of marquetry—flowers and foliage in panels—but what will attract the attention of most visitors before anything else is a series of French eighteenth-century cabinets, which prove, if proof is needed, that once upon a time it was possible to combine a completely luxurious existence with uncommonly good taste; indeed, the only difficulty which occurs to me is that if I were fortunate

in considerable quantities during the early part of the eighteenth century. Great numbers they embellished in a way no other people would have dared. They gave them ormolu mounts with the enthusiasm displayed by our Elizabethans in decorating a coconut with a silver mount. What is much more remarkable is that they succeeded by means of this apparently incongruous marriage in producing a series of singularly agreeable objects in which the beauty of celadon is not marred but actually enhanced by its cleverly devised

at the top of his panels, though many people will like it, but his combination of musical trophies and tulips in the upper panel is gay and lively and somehow dignified, while the vases of flowers flanking the heavy fluted columns below have a formal elegance. The long, narrow, inlaid panel across the top—this top, by the way, is of peach-coloured marble—is rather engaging. Its design is merely a line of jugs and dishes, which provides an apparently naïve contrast to the classical character of the large panels

below. In fact, the idea is not so naïve and not in the least original. Look at half the *famille rose* plates and half the lacquer screens which came from the Far East during the eighteenth century and you will see on them as normal decorative motifs, the pleasant little odds-and-ends of wine-pots, saucers, baskets, etc., known as the Hundred Antiques: here a few of them, only slightly disguised, are strung out across a piece of furniture which in other respects owes nothing to Chinese influence.

I turn to something a little less consciously ceremonious than these two elaborate pieces—the stool of Fig. 3, gay enough with its needlework cover and as neat a design as one could wish. Walnut and Queen Anne, and a simplified version of the fashions prevailing a few years earlier. It is interesting to compare this stool—or rather these stools, for there are two of them—with a pair from a famous set of furniture of about the year 1690 which once belonged to the Duke of Leeds at Hornby Castle.

The suite consists of the two stools and a settee covered in Genoa velvet, and eight high-backed chairs. The woodwork is

painted black and the carved enrichments are gilded. Fig. 4 shows one of the stools, with its elaborate stretcher. In these two small pieces you have almost the whole story of English furniture design



FIG. 1. WITH LACQUER PANELS DECORATED WITH BIRDS AND FLOWERS IN RED AND GILT BY DELORME AND J. HOLTHAUSEN: A LOUIS XV. KINGWOOD AND ROSEWOOD SECRÉTAIRE.

Frank Davis considers that this *secrétaire* displays an "unusual understanding of what is and what is not possible in the design of furniture," and regards it as near a complete adaptation of Chinese taste as it is possible for a European to achieve. Made about 1750, it is one of the fine series of French eighteenth-century pieces on view in the Exhibition of Furniture at the galleries of Frank Partridge and Sons, which is reviewed on this page.



FIG. 2. WITH A PEACH-COLOURED MARBLE TOP, THE FALL-FRONT INLAID WITH MUSICAL TROPHIES: A LOUIS XVI. UPRIGHT SECRÉTAIRE IN KINGWOOD, TULIPWOOD AND ROSEWOOD.

This upright inlaid *secrétaire* is not less luxurious than the example in Fig. 1, which was made some twenty-five years earlier. The design on the long inlaid panel across the top consists of a line of jugs and dishes, inspired by the Chinese motifs known as the Hundred Antiques.

metal frame. (This statement, I should add, is anathema to many who hold that to gild the lily is bad form.)

This brings me to lacquer, and I stood a long time trying to analyse the reasons why the *secrétaire* of

Fig. 1 seemed to me to display so unusual an understanding of what is and what is not possible in the design of furniture. I suppose the gently flowing line has much to do with it, and the discretion with which ormolu is applied to the kingwood and rosewood frame, but the main charm of the piece is the lacquer, which in less skilled hands could have given it a startling raw vulgarity. Here was—so it seemed to me—as near a complete adaptation of Chinese taste as it is possible for a European to achieve. Consider what some people could have done with red and gold, even if they had an authentic Chinese lacquer screen before them—how they would have emphasised the reds and plastered on the gold. Here, upon a black background—a soft, lustrous black—is a delicate drawing of birds and foliage, with the accents in a deep red and the whole illuminated rather than picked out in a gold rather like the colour of certain kinds of ripe apples. So much for that; I was brought up not to accept presents from strangers, but anyone who likes can have this packed up and sent to me;

I could live with it.

As a contrast in styles—there are many competitors—I have picked out the upright inlaid *secrétaire* of Fig. 2, not less luxurious, and possibly more to the taste of to-day. If the first was made about the 1750's, this is about twenty-five years later—no more gentle curves, but straightforward rectangles, for fashions never stand still. I could wish that the maker had been a little less enamoured of drapery



FIG. 3. NOTABLE FOR THE NEATNESS AND SIMPLICITY OF THE DESIGN: A QUEEN ANNE WALNUT STOOL ON CABRIOLE LEGS, THE SEAT COVERED WITH BRILLIANTLY-COLOURED NEEDLEWORK WITH A DESIGN OF FRUIT; ONE OF A PAIR.

This stool, one of a pair, is of remarkably neat design and forms an interesting comparison with the William and Mary stool illustrated in Fig. 4.

enough to own one of them I should want to spend immense sums in acquiring more.

France, no less than England, was fascinated by importations from the Orient during the latter part of the seventeenth century, and indeed went much farther than ourselves in adapting Chinese modes of decoration to their own wishes. One outstanding example of this is the respect the French paid to the beautiful celadon wares which came into the country



FIG. 4. FROM A FAMOUS WILLIAM AND MARY SUITE, c. 1690, FORMERLY AT HORNBY CASTLE: ONE OF A PAIR OF STOOLS COVERED IN GENOA VELVET.

This stool, one of a pair included in the William and Mary suite formerly in the collection of the Duke of Leeds at Hornby Castle, has black painted woodwork, with the carved enrichments gilded.

Illustrations by Courtesy of Frank Partridge and Sons.

within the fifteen years between 1690 and 1705. There is some nice Dresden and even nicer Sèvres, and, what is unusual in a furniture show, numerous paintings, including a typical flower piece by Van Os, a bronze or two, mirrors of various sorts, Chinese porcelain, clocks—but this note is not a catalogue. In brief, a distinguished mixed occasion, nicely calculated to give us much to go broody over.

JUNE IN ENGLAND: OCCASIONS ROYAL, SOCIAL, RELIGIOUS AND SPORTING.



AT THE OPENING OF THE CANTERBURY EXHIBITION: M. MASSIGLI (SECOND FROM LEFT), TALKING TO THE SHERIFF OF CANTERBURY. (CENTRE) THE MAYOR OF CANTERBURY WITH (RIGHT) MME. MASSIGLI. On June 11 the French Ambassador, M. Massigli, accompanied by Mme. Massigli, formally opened the Canterbury Exhibition, which is a prelude to the Canterbury Festival opening next month. As soon as the Exhibition, which tells the story of Canterbury's past and future, is closed, builders will be working on the site to create the new Canterbury.



KING HAAKON (CENTRE), WITH THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON (RIGHT), ENTERING THE GATEWAY OF THE RUINED ST. OLAVE'S CHURCH FOR THE CEREMONIES WHICH INITIATED ITS RESTORATION.

On June 15 King Haakon of Norway visited the bomb-damaged church of St. Olave, near the Tower of London, to take part in a double ceremony. King Haakon laid an inscribed stone recording the nine centuries of Christian worship on the site and his own action in initiating the rebuilding, while the Bishop of London laid another stone recording the history of the church.



MR. PICKWICK RETURNS TO ROCHESTER—IN THE PAGEANT WITH WHICH THE CITY IS CELEBRATING THE FESTIVAL. Rochester, to which Dickens was so much attached and which has so many associations with the author and his characters, opened on June 17 its own Festival in the form of a Dickens Pageant. This is chiefly devoted to scenes from "The Pickwick Papers," but other books are also drawn upon. Nearly every shop, besides—including the Food Office—seemed to carry some reference or allusion to Dickens and his characters.



MEMBERS OF THE SOUTH AFRICAN TOURING SIDE AND TEST TEAM ACKNOWLEDGING THE TRENT BRIDGE CHEERS.

Contrary to all expectation, South Africa won the first Test (at Trent Bridge, on June 12) by 71 runs. In their first innings they made 483 (Nourse 208); England replied with 419 for 9 dec., and dismissed South Africa for 121. England failed to get the 186 needed to win, and against the bowling of Mann and A. Rowan, could only score 114.



THE SPIRIT OF FESTIVAL IN DUNSTER: CHILDREN DANCING ROUND A MAYPOLE UNDER THE WALLS OF DUNSTER CASTLE.

The lovely village of Dunster, in Somerset, has staged—in mid-June—as part of its contribution to the Festival of Britain, a "Festival Fayre"—a week-long reconstruction of a mediæval fair in its main street. As our photograph shows, a maypole has been erected under the walls of Dunster Castle for children's performances.



THE QUEEN, WITH THE LORD MAYOR, LEAVING ST. PAUL'S AFTER THE S.P.G. SERVICE. (RIGHT) PRINCESS MARGARET, WITH THE LADY MAYORESS. On June 17 Queen Elizabeth and Princess Margaret attended at St. Paul's the thanksgiving service commemorating the 250th anniversary of the founding of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. The sermon was preached by the Archbishop of Rupert's Land, Canada, and the Archbishop of Canterbury gave the blessing.



AFTER THE SERVICE COMMEMORATING THE GLORIOUS STAND OF THE GLOUCESTERS AT THE IMJIN RIVER ACTION: MEN OF THE GLOUCESTERSHIRE REGIMENT MARCHING FROM GLOUCESTER CATHEDRAL ON JUNE 17. On June 17 about 1800 people attended in Gloucester Cathedral a service of intercession and commemoration for the men of the 1st Battalion, The Gloucestershire Regiment, who took part in the heroic action in Korea in April. Men from the regimental depot, Territorials, National Servicemen, British Legion, and Old Comrades' Association were present at the parade and service. The Duke of Gloucester was represented by Maj.-General C. E. A. Firth.

NOTES FOR THE NOVEL-READER.

FICTION OF THE WEEK.

EVERY review must be to some extent a snap judgment, and frequently no harm is done. For many novels, perhaps most, are built for that kind of scrutiny, and yield their virtues at a glance. But here and there it is the wrong approach—inadequate, though unavoidable. "Clarissa Claimed," by Giles Romilly (Putnam; 10s. 6d.), ought to be dwelt on, rather than consumed. It is a novel of fine shades, of delicate analysis, discriminations, moral overtones; its texture, luminous and bland, is like the motion of a nearly calm sea. This halcyon quality, this "golden haze," would be enough to charm; but it is rather lulling, and unfavourable to distinct outlines.

Halcyon weather is the keynote of the first book, and of Christina's own approach to life. The war is newly over. She is nineteen, one of a group of girls who would in other circumstances have been debutantes. Yet she is not quite one of them, but floats among them, dreamy and uninvolved, taking her inner spirit as a guide. It can discern the false, and will respond to nothing which is not right for her. The others feel this difference, and serene fluidity, and say Christina is "wonderful." Yet on the surface she remains pliant, thwarting her worldly mother only by a cloud of absentness, and doing the done things.

However, these were mostly in abeyance while the war lasted. And they have not quite started up again. The early, summer months of peace, spent by Christina at the seaside, have a wide calm, a fluid, lyrical detachment, which is like an image of her own nature. She feels completely happy and assured.

And by that happiness she is betrayed to life. For her ideal of a perpetual openness and freedom cannot work out. It makes of living a one-sided process, or assumes that all the world is on her own level. Since she will plan no course, she is exposed to the manoeuvrings and choices of meaner souls; and once involved, she is too delicate and generous to break away. Her reputation in the outer world is tarnished, and her private calm is destroyed. And there is no way back. The only, difficult solution is to build a new integrity, in circumstances which are not as she would have them, but are laid down.

This theme has a broad social frame, of other conflicts and adjustments in Christina's circle after the war. The old are fighting against change; the young are tasting, compromising, tending this way or that. As always, where analysis exceeds display, the finer details are elusive; and there is a slight sense of futility and vacuum about the whole group. They are not all, in strictness, unemployed, but they have that effect—which makes one feel a little outside time. Of course, the subject in a way requires it, and one can't have everything. This book is rather lacking in solidity and impact; but it has moral bouquet, subtlety and grace, and an enchanting style.

"Maura," by Huthi Singh (Constable; 12s. 6d.), is equally improper to be judged off-hand, but for a different reason. It is pure Indian, laid in the present century, but in another world. And therefore judgment is thrown out of gear; one may be fascinated by the strangeness or defeated by it, baffled or imposed on. So the enlistment of a "patron"—Mr. E. M. Forster—was for once allowable. Yet I am not sure but it has made things worse. His literary insight and his better knowledge must command respect, and raise a disposition to agree. But if one can't feel the same, they only make dissent uncomfortable.

The outline of the story is dramatic. Ritha has been ill-used at home, and left without a husband, so, at the instigation of her nurse, she runs away. A friend of the old woman's son has begged to marry her. But this young suitor is a fake, and sells her into the illicit harem of a small Rajput prince—where she is one of about fifty concubines, presided over by the eunuch Maura. But not for long; the Raja takes her as his second wife, shuts down the harem, and decides to be a good ruler. There never was much wrong with him, in any case—only unbridled power and nobody to talk to.

From this part melodrama is quite absent; it is completely civilised and natural and is soon over. And then the narrative diverges into odds and ends, fragments of character and mood, studies of manners and of local ceremony—not well-designed, but full of charm and interest.

Now we are rather laughably translated to a girls' school. In "Summer's Day," by Mary Bell (Collins; 9s. 6d.), the day is one term at St. Helen's, on the South Coast. For Jasmine Tern and her friend Sophie it is the last summer term but one. Already they are far away, detached in spirit, dreaming of the real world. Jasmine, the lovely, wilful and romantic hedonist, will never look back, or feel a single moment of regret. Sophie, more gentle, will regret the gardener's baby. But even Sophie is remote, and simply putting in the time.

Work is the last concern of anyone, and it is hardly mentioned. Girls, teachers, servants, all are preoccupied with living: dreaming, or walking by the sea, or lying in the long grass, or looking out of windows at the handsome gardener. The unattractive characters are very few. And though the incidents are slight, there is a strong, nostalgic atmosphere of summer beauty and the hour before daybreak.

"The Bride Regrets," by Marjorie Carleton (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.), is a New England version of an old story—the story of George Joseph Smith. Not, it would seem, that Horace knew about the "brides in the bath"; he merely stumbled on the formula. Till now his victims have been middle-aged and rather dingy; but now a lucky chance, and some contrivance, have secured him a young girl. And off they go to find a seaside hostel, "and a lovely hot bath for you." But all the hostels are shut up, deserted for the winter—all except one. And even Mrs. Keppner's was about to shut.

The black and rain-swept pleasure-beach outside, the cosy traffickings within, as much as Horace's arrangements and the dawn of terror, go to make the story. Which is exceptionally good.

CHESS NOTES.

By BARUCH H. WOOD, M.Sc.

AS I write, 30 out of 59 games in the Staunton Centenary Tournament have been drawn; just over 50 per cent., a rather higher proportion than one accepts happily, especially as quite a number were of the so-called "grand-master" type—i.e., agreed between the players before any real struggle had developed.

On the other hand, there have been some enlivening quick defeats, especially when one of the contestants has managed to catch his opponent with a new variation in the opening.

In this game, I imagine 13... Kt×B, instead of 13... B×B, might have saved Black a lot of pain:

FRENCH DEFENCE.

BOGOLYUBOV	DONNER	BOGOLYUBOV	DONNER
1. P-K4	P-K4	12. Castles	Q-K2
2. P-Q4	P-Q4	13. B×Kt	B×B
3. Kt-QB3	Kt-KB3	14. B-Kt5	B-Kt4
4. B-Q3	P-B4	15. Kt-Kt4!	QR-B1
5. Kt-B3	P×QP	16. Q-KKt3	K-R1
6. KKt×P	P-K4	17. Q-R4	R-B3
7. Kt-B3	P×P	18. KR-K1	R-K3
8. B-QKt5ch	QKt-Q2	19. R-K3	Q-B4
9. KKt×P	B-QKt5	20. Kt×Kt	Q-KB4
10. Q-Q4	B×Ktch	21. P-KKt4	Resigns
11. Q×B	Castles		

The young Dutchman, Donner, made amends for the above defeat the very next day. Klein must have woefully underestimated the importance of the pawn which reached his K2:

QUEEN'S PAWN, GRUENFELD'S DEFENCE.

DONNER	KLEIN	DONNER	KLEIN
1. P-Q4	Kt-KB3	15. QKt-Kt5	B-Q2
2. P-QB4	P-KKt3	16. B-B4	B×Kt(Kt4)
3. P-KKt3	B-Kt2	17. Kt×B	Kt×Kt
4. B-Kt2	P-Q4	18. P×Kt	Q-Kt3
5. P×P	Kt×P	19. Q-K2	Kt-Q2
6. P-K4	Kt-Kt3	20. P-Q6	B-Q5
7. Kt-K2	Castles	21. P×P	B-B4
8. Castles	Kt-B3	22. Q-B3	P-QR4
9. P-Q5	Kt-Kt1	23. QR-Q1	Kt-B3
10. KKt-B3	P-QB3	24. B-Kt5	K-Kt2
11. P-QR4	P×P	25. R-K5	Kt-Kt1
12. P×P	Kt-B5	26. R-Q8	Q-R2
13. R-K1	R-K1	27. R×QR	Resigns
14. Kt-QR3	Kt-Q3		How can he recapture?

The same day, however, his fellow-countryman suffered a violent reverse at the hands of another youngster, Germany's Unzicker:

ALEKHINE'S DEFENCE.

UNZICKER	VAN SCHELTINGA	UNZICKER	VAN SCHELTINGA
1. P-K4	Kt-KB3	14. P×P	P×P
2. P-K5	Kt-Q4	15. Q-Kt3	Kt(K4)-Q2
3. P-Q4	P-Q3	16. QR-Q1	Kt-B4
4. Kt-KB3	B-Kt5	17. Q-B2	Kt(B4)-R5
5. B-K2	Kt-QB3	18. Kt-K4	Kt×KtP
6. P-B4	Kt-Kt3	19. R×P	Q-B2
7. P×P	BP×P	20. B-Kt4	Kt(Kt3)×P
8. P-Q5	B×Kt	21. B×Pch	K-R1
9. B×B	Kt-K4	22. R-Q7	Q-B3
10. B-K2	P-Kt3	23. R×B	Q×B
11. B-K3	B-Kt2	24. R×Pch!	K-Kt1
12. Kt-Q2	Castles	25. B-Q4	Resigns
13. Castles	P-K3	(If 24... K×R;	
		25. Kt-Kt5ch)	

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

"CLOSE-BREATHLESSNESS"

I AM not, I think, a total "fanatique du criqué." That is to say, among the many things which, in advancing middle-age, render me breathless is not, I must confess, any hush in any close on any night. As a performer I was never more than an irregular and precarious member of a house or college, or a tolerated member of a village team. Thus, while it is one of the world's most delightful games if taken lightheartedly, I refuse to regard its performance by teams of professionals and near-professionals as running cleanliness close to being next to godliness or involving the whole national prestige and future. It seemed to me, therefore, that the cricket-writers displayed more than their normal humourless hysteria over the last series of Test matches in Australia. I thought that we did rather well, and I am glad to have my opinion confirmed by two out of the three writers of books on that series which I have before me. The minority report is presented by Mr. E. M. Wellings in "No Ashes for England" (Evans; 12s. 6d.). Mr. Wellings is severe. It is true that the Selection Committee's hawking round of the captaincy was as undignified as it might have been disastrous, and that it was no fault of theirs that Freddie Brown proved to be such an unexpected success. It is true that the omission of Edrich was as inexplicable as it proved costly. It is true that the English, in the event, came to rely on one great batsman, Len Hutton, one great bowler in Bedser, and a great wicket-keeper in the incredibly agile Evans. But if England did not win the Ashes it was as much due to an extraordinary run of ill-luck as to any failures on the part of the Test selectors or their team. (Mr. Wellings' challenging book, like those that follow, is embellished by some magnificent photographs.) I prefer the verdict of Mr. John Kay, in "Ashes to Hassett" (Sherratt; 10s. 6d.), in which he says "Cricket's tide is turning. There can be no doubt at all about that, following the magnificent work of Freddie Brown and his men in Australia." It is a heartening—and rollicking—tale which he tells which should please all who suffer from close-breathlessness. Moreover, this is the most easily readable of the three books. Equally heartening is the fair and factual record of an Australian, Mr. A. G. Moyes, in "The Fight for the Ashes" (Harrap; 12s. 6d.). This book, which was written as the matches were in progress, pays its due tribute to the England team and their difficulties. One lesson to be learnt by England, he feels, should be drawn from the second Test. (There! I'm panting a little myself.) It is that "England could have won if she had attacked. She must learn that lesson. Test matches are not won in any other way." Mr. R. E. S. Wyatt—how time passes—must, I suppose, be accounted one of the veterans of first-class cricket. For the one-time England captain, who succeeded the genial A. P. F. Chapman in circumstances which cricket writers call "dramatic," is still going strong as captain of Worcestershire at the age of fifty. This is a pleasant and interesting autobiography—"Three Straight Sticks" (Stanley Paul; 12s. 6d.)—to be placed on the same shelf with the old *Wisden*. Not the least interesting is his personal account of the great bodyline controversy when, as he says, the England team felt that at any moment they might be lynched by the Australian crowd. This was "close-breathlessness" pushed to a point of absurdity which threatened to disrupt the Empire.

Another candidate for the *Wisden* shelf is "A History of the Worcestershire County Cricket Club," by the Rev. W. R. Chignell (Littlebury; 21s.). The author was a gallant airborne chaplain in the last war, and his book is presented and printed rather like a regimental history. Followers of this great county team, however, will find it tells them and their descendants all they want to know about their heroes and their exploits.

Further up my humble street is "The Week-end Cricketer," by A. C. L. (Leo) Bennett (Hutchinson; 15s.). This is a genial account of all the leading week-end clubs and players. "Test matches," as Sir Don Bradman says in a foreword, "are really the culminating achievement of thousands of club players." Club players are also the people who keep the good humour in cricket and the game in its right perspective.

Perhaps if I had had available to me in youth "The M.C.C. Book for the Young Cricketer" (Naldrett; 10s. 6d.) I should have been a better performer and written less flippantly about the high gods of the game. This book is excellent value. All the present heroes of the young seem to have contributed (and those of my own youth, such as "Plum" Warner and Jack Hobbs), and the cricket fan of all ages will find it acceptable. I particularly recommend a delightful chapter on "Cricket in 1851," by H. S. Altham.

With Wimbledon upon us as I write, a book on the great women players of the past is apropos. This is "Gallery of Champions," by Helen Hull Jacobs (Redman; 9s. 6d.). Helen Jacobs writes as modestly and vividly and well as she played in those days when she delighted us on the Centre Court. Indeed, if I had to find an adjective for this book it would be "agreeable." Miss Jacobs writes so very pleasantly and the scenes she evokes are so amiably reminiscent that I cannot recommend this friendly book sufficiently highly. Wimbledon-goers should read it before they set out to lay the foundations of that fibrositis this year, and wonder, having read it, what laughter and tears go on

to-day behind the scenes of the Centre Court. Equally readable is "Tennis My Way," by Budge Patty (Hutchinson; 10s. 6d.). This fine American player writes what one might call a current autobiography which should serve as an appetiser to the Wimbledon-goer. It is also illustrated with a most ingenious series of "flicker" photographs which should help improve your game and mine.

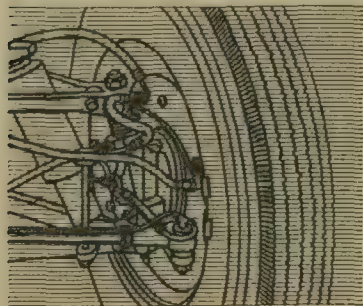
From midsummer we go to midwinter, with "Ski-ing for Beginners," by Conrad Brown (Scribners; 12s. 6d.). Once past the essential Americanisms of this amusing and well-illustrated book by (apparently) an American schoolboy, the ski-er, young or old, will find much to ponder on.

E. D. O'BRIEN.

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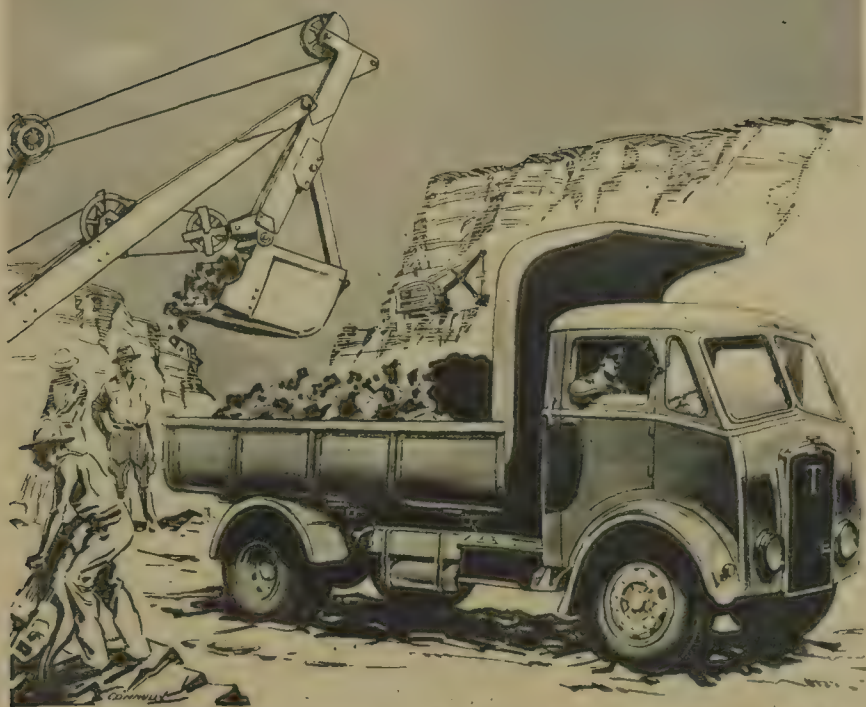


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is a mile,
Daddy?**



Well, there are miles and miles.

Are some longer than others?

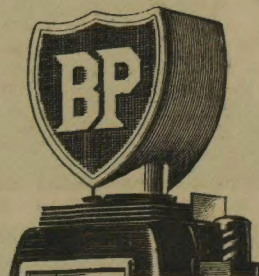
Some take longer. Now, with a good car
and good petrol—


What's your favourite petrol?

I'll go for BP again when it's back in
the pumps.

When *will* BP be back, Daddy?

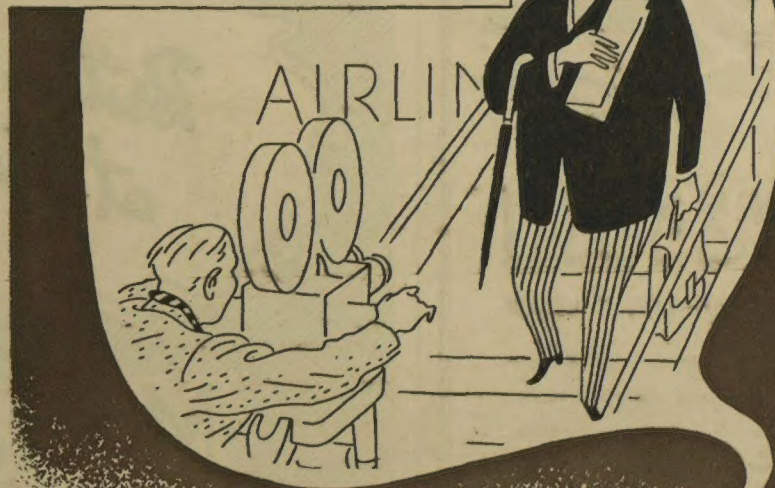
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the most popular man in the club!



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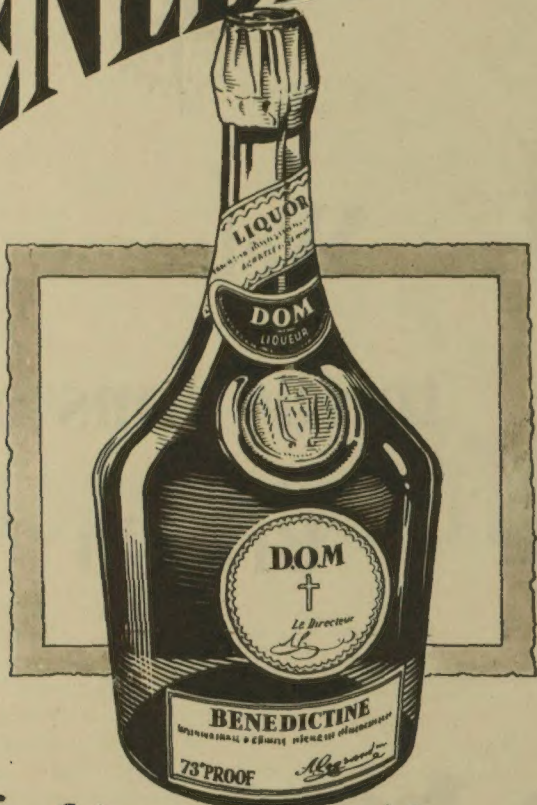


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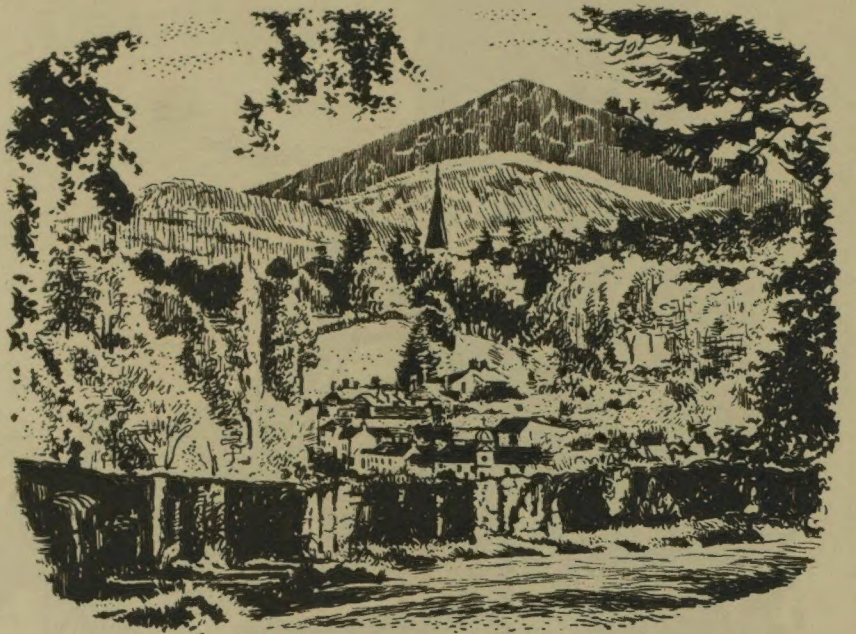
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Literature: Official Information Offices,
Lugano or Locarno, or Swiss Federal
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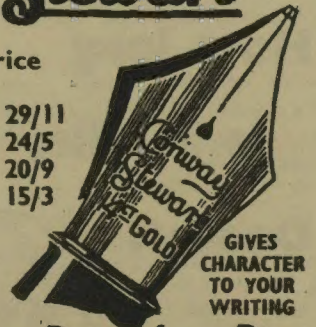
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Price	
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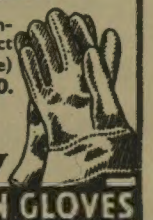


**He that buys land
buys many stones**

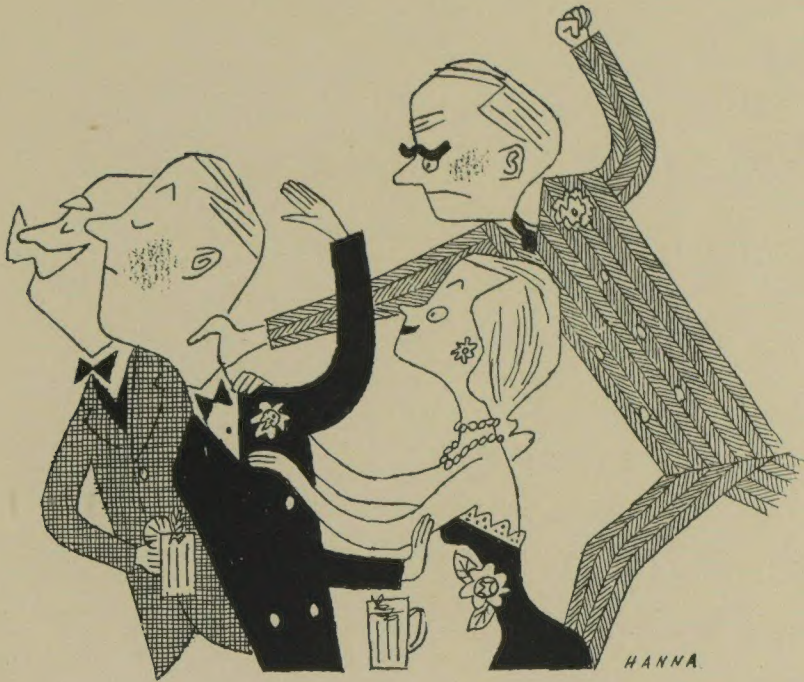
—but he that buys ANDY Gardening Gloves gets full value. He buys a gardening glove that takes rough treatment and goes on giving protection; gets repeatedly wet and stays soft and supple.

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6/2 post free. (State size)
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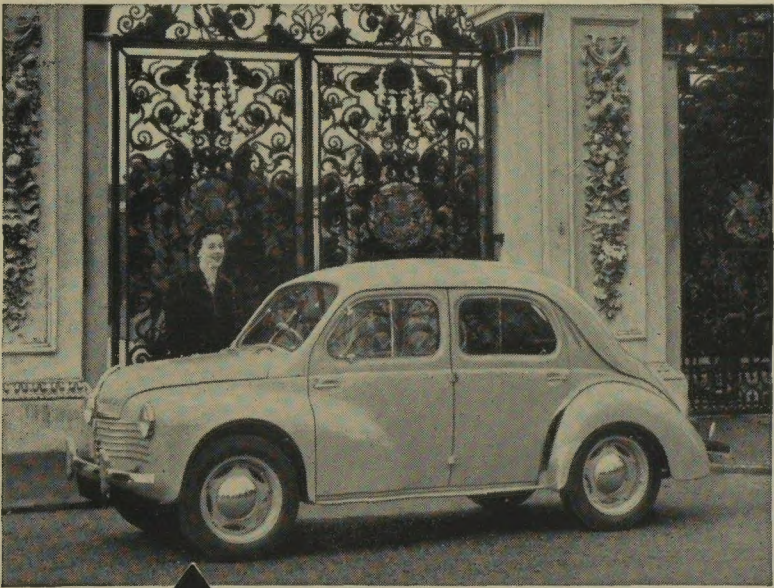
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Threats and pleadings are of no avail. Soft soap cuts no ice with us. Only six people know the secret recipe of Pimm's No.1 and we refuse to talk. We'll admit that the finest gin is the basis of our No. 1. And we'll own that French and Dutch liqueurs add their bland influence to it. Beyond that we grow suspicious of questioning. What foreign government do you represent, anyway? Ordinary pleasure-seekers are content to know just this —



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